

NEW YORK WEEK

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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At the Theatres.



Those that are fond of the luridly sensational may indulge their bent to the utmost at the Windsor. John A. Stevens' new drama, *Passion's Slave*, was there enacted for the first time Monday before a crowded house. The appearance of the gentleman in the treble character of manager, actor and author was sufficient to attract the hordes of admirers to this enormous place of amusement. They received the piece, star and company with uproarious approbation. So far as the approval of a motley and miscellaneous first-night gathering goes, the venture was an unequivocal success.

Passion's Slave resembles *Unknown* in the methods employed in its construction, although the plots have nothing in common. It is a series of startling adventures which befall a man whose self-control is not sufficient to restrain the impetuosity of his nature in different directions. Pistols are frequently used and rifles are brought into play, the weapons doing terrible effect, especially when directed by heroic innocence at cowardly villainy. There is a prison scene and an escape; a leap into the ocean and a rescue; a terrific struggle in an old tower, in which chairs, stairs and other articles are demolished by the combatants, and there is (of course) the final triumph of Virtue over its inevitable adversary Vice, in the familiar fashion. Some love scenes, sentimental, tragic, comic and otherwise, are thrown in as a sort of mild background to the story, and there is a liberal sandwiching in of funny business all through. With this material Mr. Stevens has built a play that appeals to the masses, furnishing as it does the greatest entertainment to the greatest number. Mr. Stevens is essentially a dramatist for the people, and though his last composition may be a trifle more highly spiced than agrees with the tastes of the few, it certainly tickles the palate of the many, moving them alternately to laughter, enthusiasm and tears. Several of the situations are genuinely impressive, and are led up to in such a manner as to be a surprise. The dialogue is dramatic and humorous by turns. In the latter passages, however, there is an inclination towards coarseness that should not be permitted to mar the otherwise hearty and healthy fun of the piece.

No better company could be wished for by any author than that in which *Passion's Slave* is cast. It is strong in names and in deeds. As Manuel De Foe, Mr. Stevens has only to be earnest and forcible to succeed. He acts the part throughout discriminatingly, and wins the boisterous applause of the spectators in the stirring scenes. By Lester Wallack's permission, Ellie Wilton appears this week as Mamie Briscoe. She acts and dresses conscientiously, giving a good deal of color to the part. Gabrielle Du Sauld was quite intense as Clothilde Dijon—a character something like the Creole in *The White Slave*. Miss Du Sauld has never conquered her very pronounced accent, and we must confess that we are weary of hearing the King's English murdered by lisping foreign tongues. Lilla Vane is a revelation in the way of a soubrette. She is both pretty and pert—two absolute essentials for her line of business. She acts Pattie, a rather impudent maid-servant, with real *verve*. John Jack has a good old man's part in General Briscoe, and does it with the precision and judgment we are taught to look for in all this sterling actor's work. Harry Colton is good as Walter Briscoe. He is only on in the first act. Henry Holland plays the villain and author of everybody's troubles, Ferdinand Shepley. It may be true, as the bills state, that Mr. Holland hails from the London Lyceum; but from the very limited capability he shows, we are inclined to suspect he could only have been a banner-carrier in Mr. Irving's model theatre. Welsh Edwards, in an eccentric comedy part, is excellent. W. J. Ferguson, the talented and popular young actor, makes much fun with *Butterworth Golight*, which is not a funny rôle at all. The scenery was not as good as it might have been. Next Monday, Barney McAuley in his famous characterization of Uncle Dan'l.

The selection of an amateur hall like that adjoining the Turt Club for her debut was scarcely a wise step on Miss Helen Bancroft's part. The level floor, which interferes with a fair view of the stage; the movable chairs, which are uncomfortable and illegal, and the stage and scenery, combine to make the place unsuitable for serious theatrical performance. However, in spite of these drawbacks, the audience that assembled Monday night had a fair opportunity of judging Miss Bancroft's

right to scintillate among the stars. The assemblage was composed largely of friends, and a noble army of deadheads who did not enjoy such relations with the lady, but who received free passes to the exhibition just the same. If a profusion of flowers only made a triumph, the *debutante* could honestly claim one, for the frantic musical conductor was compelled to dump the contents of several florists' shops on the stage at intervals during the evening, beginning with Julia's entrance. But, significant as the luxuriant and costly growths of the conservatory are under ordinary circumstances, they positively mean nothing on occasions like this. The fragrant jacquemints, Neils, pinks and lilies were pleasing, but really insignificant.

Miss Bancroft is tall and supple. Her hair is black; teeth good; mouth larger than need be; head finely shaped; profile handsome; neck too long; ditto waist; arms small and long but symmetrical; voice astonishingly deep and devoid of power; action stilted; countenance inexpressive; dressmaker knows her business. That about sums up Miss Bancroft. She was neither a good nor a bad Julia. Given similar material to work upon, any elocutionist like F. F. Mackay can turn out similar heroines for Sheridan Knowles' drama by the score. Mediocrity in a new actress is always perplexing; it leaves an uncertainty as to the future, which may bear good fruit and may bear none at all. Miss Bancroft made few gross errors. She walked through the play, going through the conventional business, feebly giving the accepted readings and never once rising above the level of prosiness. In the first act she lacked the exuberance of the country maid, delivering the sprightly lines allotted her without spirit or enthusiasm. The second act (where she should have been more in her element) found the lady less satisfactory than before. The airs and manners of the town dame in the conversation with Helen were clumsily assumed. The rage of Julia after her lover's rebuff was mild to a degree, and in representing the vigorous emotion of the succeeding acts the actress fell short of what was required of her. Evidently she understood what she ought to do, but had not the capacity to do it. Briefly, Miss Bancroft has not the talent to play a rôle of this calibre successfully. She is perhaps qualified to play small sentimental parts in Duff's company, and she might in time make an acceptable leading lady. But she does not give the faintest sign of ever becoming a star actress. This is the simple truth—which some of the daily papers, with a false idea of being kind to a beginner, have studiously avoided—and it is better that Miss Bancroft should be told of it at once, in the interests of impartiality and her future. The experiment of buttering over a mistake and persisting in carrying it out is certain to meet with disappointment and disaster. Many have tried it and all have failed. The young lady has beauty, a taste for handsome dressing and self-reliance in her favor. With these qualifications in an humbler and more legitimate sphere she is likely to get on.

For the most part, the company supporting Miss Bancroft was unsatisfactory. But it was probably as good as could be procured at this time of the year. Three of the members acquitted themselves creditably. Clinton Hall made a fair Master Walter; Hart Conway an excellent Modus, and Alice Brooke a charming Helen. The waits between the acts were intolerably long.

Miss Bancroft will continue her representations of Julia during the current week.

The revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which began Wednesday week, is brilliantly successful from an artistic standpoint. The Young Marlowe of Mr. Wallack is as delightful a performance as ever, although we cannot help thinking he takes too many liberties with Goldsmith's text. Miss Coghlan's Miss Hardcastle is charming, full of vivacity and grace. William Elton's Tony Lumpkin is capital. The coarse horse-play and buffoonery of the part in the clever comedian's hands is never obtrusive. A better conventional performance of Tony we have not seen. John Gilbert, in Mr. Hardcastle, is at his best. The characters of this line in the old comedies Mr. Gilbert illustrates in an unequalled manner. His presence in the cast of one of these plays always lends it an interest that in his absence it could not possess. Wilmot Eyre, who is re-engaged at Wallack's, acts George Hastings excellently. Manager Wallack has overlooked noting his return on the house bill. Dan Leeson's Digory is amusing. Adela Measor plays Constance nicely. Madame Ponisi's Mrs. Hardcastle is admirable. Agnes Elliott's Dolly is pleasing. Altogether, a better presentation of the fine old piece could not be wished.

On Saturday night *The Silver King* will be produced. The original intention was to bring it forward Thursday; but the management, in view of the large draught of *She Stoops to Conquer*, concluded to defer the *premiere* until the day mentioned. One of the interesting features of the first night will be Osmond Tearle's reappearance. The foolish prejudice aroused by his adventure at the Morton House has, we think, entirely passed away. If not, there will be a policeman on hand Saturday to quell any possible turbulence and march the offenders over to the Twenty-ninth Precinct station-house.

Mary Anderson devoted the latter part of last week to Count de Bournier's play—translated

by John T. Ford's daughter—called *The Daughter of Roland*. As Berthe she has only two chances to give full rein to her powers; but she seized both grandly. We refer to the description of the battle and the place in which she watches the mortal combat between her lover and a Saracen warrior. Throughout the drama Miss Anderson acted so excellently as to materially increase our estimation of her talents. She has improved remarkably since her last New York engagement, and we have no doubt she will continue perfecting herself until she reaches the zenith of her powers some years hence. J. B. Studley doubled the parts of Count Amaury and Neothold. He has great strength of voice and physique; his action is picturesque, and his declamation has a rude, untutored force of its own. Mr. Studley would have ranked as a tragedian with Booth and McCullough had his steps been guided by the lamp of culture. In this play the contrast afforded by his transition from the patient, suffering Amaury to the fiery Saracen was very effective. R. L. Downing as Gerald wore a handsome costume. We are sorry we can say nothing more in his favor. The young man has an advantageous presence and he appears to be ambitious; but he delivers his lines in a manner that leaves no room for doubt that he is entirely ignorant of their meaning. False emphasis, false inflection, false accentuation and incorrect pronunciation are a few of his failings. Nevertheless, his name is printed in blacker type than the rest of the company (barring Studley) on the bill. If the thickness of type really indicated the different degrees of merit, Mr. Downing would have no right to claim any greater than that conferred by "diamond," "pearl," or at the very extreme "agate." Thomas Ford's Irish brogue ill-fitted the Saxon Prince Ragenhardt. Charles Hawthorne was good as the Duc de Nayme, and T. L. Coleman played Charlemagne satisfactorily. Joseph Anderson—the star's brother—is progressing nicely. He was creditable as the old fencing-master Richard. The Daughter of Roland drew good houses Thursday and Friday nights and at the matinee. Saturday night the auditorium was quite filled.



Miss Anderson appeared as Galatea in Gilbert's charming comedy on Monday evening. The people present saw a really enjoyable performance. In this part Miss Anderson is without an equal. The ingenuousness and sweet pathos she infused into it were truly delightful. The simplicity of her acting in the lighter scenes captivated the audience and won from them considerable applause. The company rendered better support than heretofore. Mr. Downing's Pygmalion was tolerable, H. B. Norman's Chryseis excellent, and Adelaide Ross's Cynisca pleasing.

On Thursday night and for the rest of the week *The Hunchback* will be acted. Miss Anderson's Julia is one of her best impersonations, and Studley's Master Walter is capital.

The Corsican Brothers at Booth's has done a large business during the past week. Frank Bangs as Fabien and Louis has won approval and he makes an acceptable substitute for Charles R. Thorne. The latter, by the way, will not return to the cast either here or in Boston, where the piece will be taken at the conclusion of its run in this city.

The Goodwins and Ned Thorne are doing well in *The Black Flag* at Niblo's. The bustle of this busy melodrama pleases Gilmore and Poole's patrons.

After this week Emmet will give seven more performances of *Fritz Among the Gypsies* at Haverly's. His engagement has been singularly successful from a pecuniary point of view.

Raymond has "caught on" with *In Paradise*. The Grand has been literally filled at

every performance. Major Bob Belter is a creation which, thanks to the star, is destined to live in spite of the crudities of the play which serves to introduce him. Next Monday the ever-popular Western actress, Annie Pixley, returns with the perennial *M'liss*. The soubrette's acting in this piece is always a treat. We have seen it several times and are eager to see it again.

A Parisian Romance is one of the greatest successes yet achieved at Mr. Palmer's theatre. Play, acting and setting are beyond praise, and the Union Square is crowded every night with fashionable throngs. Good seats cannot be had unless secured at least a week in advance.

Mirth and merriment, the usual Pastorian attributes, are present in increased force this week at the cosy little theatre around the corner in Fourteenth street. Fun on the Stage—one of the best farces in the repertoire of this house—is revived this week, and Tony Pastor as the manager and Kruger as the tragedian make the people howl. There is an enjoyable olio in which such favorite artists as Mattie Rogers, Charles Vickers, Wood, Beasley and the European skaters participate.

Young Mrs. Winthrop is piling up the figures. This week the record will close with the 117th representation. And still the receipts are so good that the date for bringing out the new play is misty.

The Merry War was sung at the Thalia last night (Wednesday) with an *ensemble* that put to the blush the late English production. The Germans know how necessary fine scenery, rich costumes, powerful chorus and ample orchestra are to the successful presentation of comic opera.

McSorley's *Inflation* at the Comique is a phenomenal success, surpassing all the former triumphs of the house. The business does not fluctuate, and the auditorium is filled nightly in every part.

The Musical Mirror.

We wish that we could honestly say that the concert at the Casino on Sunday night was a good one; but we cannot. There were many good points in it; but the general effect was slovenly and unsatisfactory. The band and its conductor, Mr. Rudolph Aronson, were more than once at variance as to the tempo; and it is a difficult task to knock such a good band as that of the Casino out of time. Nevertheless it was done, and successfully. Miss Isadora Martinez has a nice voice and sings like a true artist. She is very agreeable, and in Mignon's song, "Connato tu le puy," she was delightful. Miss Helen Ames, who rejoices in a light soprano of great agility but little volume, sang the first part of Venzano's hackneyed waltz so direfully out of tune that we thought she must have been ill; but, strange to say, recovered herself and sang the rest of the song exquisitely. Miss Heimlicher played the Tannhäuser Fantasia, by Liszt, admirably, showing great firmness of touch and absolute control of the instrument (a magnificent Weber grand piano). Carl Formes gave another proof, if, indeed, proof be lacking, that the aphorism "superfluous lags the veteran on the stage," has lost none of its appositeness. Why will not artists recognize the fact that, like everything else on this globe, they will wear out with time? The old *Edax rerum* spares not even operatic bassi. When a singer can no longer sing, then is his time to teach. The house was full, but the concert was dull.

The stage setting of Virginia, at the Bijou, is superb, and the acting very far beyond its deserts. Had the same amount of money, care and talent been expended upon a worthy subject the piece would have run for a lifetime—we don't mean a Methuselah lifetime, but a moderate lifetime—say a century or so.

Iolanthe worries along at the Standard, and, strange to say, people go to see it in moderation. "They do it, but they don't like it," like the Duke of Dunstable. Now, Iolanthe is good music; but it is also dull music. Sullivan, in reaching too high, has strained himself. Many good things are also dull things, *ex gratia*, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," which sooner than read again either, we would cheerfully suffer the *peine forte et dure*, or even one of Talmage's acrobatic sermons, or the (Edipus of Sophocles, bare feet and bunions included. We are advised from London that Iolanthe is a very misty success there. Gilbert and Sullivan make a powerful team—their very names draw, and draw most deservedly, for they are the foremost men in their art; but Iolanthe herself will never draw, it is too Weberian, too Wagnerian, too Mendelssohnian for an opera bouffe. It is like the jackass that envied the lap-dog, and strove to climb on its mistress's knees; like a church organ playing "Yankee Doodle" like an elephant threading a needle, or anything else disproportionate and clumsy. We don't want a comic song set to a four-part fugue.

What charming pianofortes Weber does make! There is a little gem of an upright in

the drawing-room of the Stuyvesant Club that is a delight to play on, so responsive to the touch and yet so resonant. There is a delicate adaptation to the finger in the Weber piano that we have never felt in any other. The instrument seems to come to one, like a violin or a harp—not a mere mechanical music-box.

We see that Colonel Mapleson, inspired by zeal for the cause of the higher education, proposes to give the services of Her Majesty's Opera Company for the benefit of the Washington-Lee University. Very creditable in the Colonel. We always prize most that which we do not possess. What a fabulous value the higher education must have in Colonel Mapleson's eyes. Wonder if the curriculum of the Washington-Lee University includes the celebrated Irish village school-master's "Tuppence-a-week to learn manners." It it does, what an advantage a course might be to Colonel Mapleson!

On dit, that the Oily Card at the Standard intends to take advantage of his oleaginous nature, and to slip out of his responsibility to that concern, and that Lenoir will be "Lost Leonore" to us in future. "Ay de mi," as the Spaniard groans. "Alas! alas!" as the Briton sighs. "Ahime," as the Italian weeps. "Wirrah strue," as the Irishman keens. What'll we do at all, at all.

The Casino is doing very well with *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*, which, if not of the finest texture, is still very fine. Imitation lace has been brought to such perfection of late as to almost drive the real article out of the market, and the Casino lace is so deftly woven and so gracefully waved that it is really almost as good as though it was real point. At present we must acknowledge that "Strauss shows which way the wind blows."

Aldrich and Parsloe's Boom.

The career of My Partner has been truly remarkable. It has outlived many more ambitious compositions, and its life seems now to be as vigorous as ever. Modesty has been one of the chief features of its handling. Louis Aldrich and Charles Parsloe have never circled the play, yet they each have amassed handsome fortunes during the time they have acted in it. From comparatively humble positions they have established themselves high up in public estimation, and they rank among the most successful and affluent men of the profession. Their merits and the merits of Bartley Campbell's play have earned recognition and generous support without the aid of trick or device. An honest popularity could not be attained.

The stars have now been out several seasons, during which they have continuously performed the same drama. This Winter their profits have not been so great as formerly, because theatrical business has not been so brisk as usual, and the small towns especially, which are deluged with too many shows, have failed to pan out with the accustomed munificence. Nevertheless, Aldrich and Parsloe have suffered less curtailment than most combinations, and this will be readily seen when we state that the net profits from the beginning of the tour last Fall to the first of the present year aggregated \$23,000. Proportionately, there is no falling off in the interest to see My Partner, and there is every prospect that it will continue to draw for several seasons to come.

Next season, however, Aldrich and Parsloe, yielding to the temptation of the hour, have determined to start a regular My Partner boom. For this purpose they have entered into an arrangement with Frank L. Gardner, by which the latter will devote his ingenious talents to the securing of such materials as are necessary, in the way of advertising stuff, etc., to carry out the plan in magnificent style. There will be lithographic posters of novel design, window bills of an extraordinarily attractive kind, and other like paraphernalia in prodigious abundance. Twenty-three weeks of time are already filled and the vacant dates are bespoken by many managers.

The indications are that Aldrich and Parsloe will make their boom as successful as they have made their hitherto unostentatious method of management. They stand well in everyone's regard; pay their bills, keep their engagements, fulfill their obligations—in short, they are an honor to the American profession. *THE MIRROR*, in anticipating a continuance of their prosperity under the *regime* that will go into effect next Autumn, doubtless reflects the wishes of all the people who have met or had dealings with the actors.

—C. G. Craig, leading man of Charlotte Thompson's company, writes: "Although it's rather late to express the good will that crops up in the holiday season, still I want to assure you of my hearty wishes for the continued success of *THE MIRROR* during the ensuing year. Your Christmas number was admirable."

—Emma Bobbitt, who made a hit on her first appearance a short time ago at Booth's, will give a reading at Chickering Hall on Feb. 22. The programme will be enlivened by musical talent both vocal and instrumental. Miss Bobbitt will read, recite and give several impersonations.

The Giddy Gusher



ON THEATRICAL WEAKNESSES.

I suppose Minnie Cummings and Agnes Leonard and several of that ilk will rush down to consult Howe and Hummel if they read that headline and go no further. Or Freddie Gebhardt and Howie Osborn will go to practicing with dumb-bells, convinced that the Gusher is going to make an onslaught on them. I should have set down my text in better form and said "the weaknesses of theatricals," for it is with little foibles peculiar to the profession I propose to deal this morning. I was impelled to the consideration of this subject by several occurrences during the week, one of them an immense floral display at a certain theatre. Now, howsoever an actress may counterfeit the varied passions of her rôle, she fails signally to express delighted astonishment before the curtain when the usher and the leader hoist up the floral tributes. She may have depicted rage, jealousy, love and consternation during the evening to the approbation of the house; but when she strikes the surprise party business before an advancing column of flowers, she goes all to pieces. And yet they will do it. The devoted Ichabod (they all have a devoted Ichabod) tells her in the afternoon what he has ordered. She knows to a blighted rosebud just what she's going to get, and yet she simulates a little start of surprise. She makes round eyes of astonishment at its approach. She makes her mouth go as if in doubt, "For me?" and then she giggles a little to express "How good," and smiles a little timid "How kind," and buries her nose in the biggest rose as who would say, "You overpowered me!"

Now, who is caught by that nonsense? Why, Adelaide Neilson used to order her own flowers by the hundred dollars' worth. She has stopped at the florist's at seven o'clock, en route to the theatre, had two up and two down with the exorbitant gardener about an immense ship of flowers, made him stick in a dozen more camellias and light the whole thing up with his best cornelia corks; and two hours thereafter she sank back against the proscenium perfectly thunderstruck at its appearance as it sailed over the footlights—"so unexpected," you know. Henry Abbey is a staunch believer in flowers. His stars can go to the box-office and see 'em before he sends 'em in, and so regulate their display of astonishment. It's best to be acquainted with the resources of the establishment, lest one shows too much delight over a horse-shoe when there's an omnibus and a Cunard steamer coming down the aisle behind it.

I wonder if Dr. Pallen or Dr. Phelps or Dr. Robertson or Dr. Sayre, in moments of relaxation, take pills or shingle themselves with their favorite plasters? I'm anxious to know if Mr. Lord or Mr. McCreery or Mr. Daniells, when business flags, run round and look at each other's windows? I'm desirous of learning whether Charley Spencer or Leon Abbott or Abe Hummel trot off to some nice law-office the minute they get a vacation from their own? When trade is dull, do the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers find a delight in flying to blood, bread and mutton butter?

Because, the instant an actor gets his foot loose at his own theatre, he rushes to see a show in some other. He arrives in New York after a barnstorming season of weary months, and instead of going to bed, as Joe Coburn after a fight or Rowell after a walk, he braces the first box-office and spends the first hours of his emancipation from hard work in an orchestra chair. Here you take the people playing at our various theatres. They are at it every night and Saturday and Wednesday matinees. But Tony Pastor is good enough to have a show Friday afternoon, and Harrigan and Hart Tuesday, and there you will find the professionals in their element seeing another show.

I remember once, when knocking about the country towns with Parepa of blessed memory, we got to New Haven on a shocking night. Nowhere outside a Connecticut town could be found such weather; a rain which was mud when it started from Heaven came down, and came crossways, and ricocheted, and rebounded. A wind that resembled a ten-bladed jack-knife was abroad escorting the mud, and the orchestra of the elements was executing a nocturne of lost spirits. Carl Rosa climbed in like a drowned rat, and announced that in consequence of the dreadful weather and the non-

arrival of a paying public, their performance would be postponed until the next evening.

"How delightful!" cried Euphrosyne. "There's Tony Pastor at Brewster Hall with 444 Broadway shows. We can go to that." And we did. She tied up her delicious throat with a couple of tippets; she gathered her thickest garments, and we struggled manfully over to the performance of Butler's Variety troupe. After being unrolled and brought to light, we discovered our next-door neighbor to be Sher Campbell.

"You must be crazy to come out such a night," said the gentleman, as he gazed with astonishment on our mud-spattered countenances. "Why, no other women would dare face such a storm."

Even as he spoke the usher carted down a package of waterproof cloak and green bridge veil, which was duly deposited alongside Sher. The outer coverings were carefully removed, several layers of knit comforters peeled off, and behold there was Adelaide Phillips. Campbell fell back speechless, and well he might, for he had the blessed trio on his hands for the return trip to our several hotels.

I went into Tony's the other afternoon, and looked round the house. There, beaming with satisfaction at the chance of seeing a performance, was the auriferous pair, Nat Goodwin and Lizzie Weathersby, his wife, happy as clams at high tide; so nice—such a novelty to go to a theatre, you know. Gertie Granville, Tony Hart's wife, was there; she had got out of the bill at the Comique, and of course went to Tony's the first chance. Then Aldrich and Joe Wheelock and Raymond dropped in, and sitting up like a couple of Stoughton bottles, brim-full of high spirits and youthful delight. There were the Two Orphans, the father and mother of Louis and Alice Harrison. They have been in theatrical life for forty years; but how they did enjoy that show! Their young guardians are prancing round Kalamazoo and adjacent snow-drifts; but when they reach New York, as certain as sundown, Alice will be in a front seat and Louis standing up in the rear of some theatre within six hours after leaving the cars.

I got a letter the other day from a lady in the profession, enclosing \$5, and saying: "Pay that, if necessary, but get me a seat at the Union Square for Wednesday. I shan't get in till after seven, and I must take the train for Boston at eleven; but that will give me two hours and a half for the theatre." And she had them, and enjoyed them no doubt, because the Romance of a Parisian is worth breaking into a journey for. But my friend would have done the same thing to see any kind of a show. It's the ruling passion of theatrical people—one of their weaknesses.

Since the days of Dr. Appleashismocometico (the quack of Captain Marryatt's novel Japhet), the world has never been bereft of its medicated fraud; and it's perfectly startling to discover how many professional people possess faith and gullibility enough to enable them to flourish. I came upon an ancient dame the other day sitting in retirement with two awful plasters under her eyes.

"In the name of Heaven, what has happened?" I asked, with solicitude.

"Nothing, dear," replied the cheerful old idiot gravely. "I'm trying Madame Reynard's great discovery for removing wrinkles. They are positively wonderful."

As her countenance continues to look like a map of the Pan Handle Railroad, with all the connections, I am not ready to go into training for an affidavit. But I got sufficiently interested to explore the lair of Madame Reynard. She holds forth on a prominent avenue. Judging from her diamond earrings and good store-clothes, she is in a very prosperous financial condition; and since I heard, through Susan B. Anthony and the Bible, the particulars concerning the exploits of Sapphira, I have not dreamed of such lying possibilities.

She is a woman of forty, in excellent preservation, smooth of skin, plentiful of hair and perfect of teeth. She stood up unblushingly and told me she was seventy; had grandchildren ready to be married, and owed her youthful appearance to the use of the nostrums she has been dispensing to a grateful world. She sold crescent-shaped plasters to surround the eyes and eradicate the crows-feet that years will place there. She had triangular bits to fit about the mouth to root out certain set-lines that appear in the vicinity of our potato-traps when the flush of youth has been beaten by the full hand of time. And she had whole complexion-masks to sleep in and frighten burglars out of their seven senses and full kit of tools.

"I suppose you sell them to maiden ladies only," I said.

"Oh, dear, no," responded the ready liar; "I sell them to hundreds of married ladies."

"Holy Divorce Laws! Did ever any husband, 'at midnight in his guarded tent,' wake up, find a complexion-mask on the opposite pillow, and not sue for a separate maintenance before breakfast next day?"

But I had struck an epoch of discovery. My nerves were yet unstrung over the revelations of Reynard, when I went in for a gossip with a fairly well-known actress of gossamer proportions. She was vigorously rubbing one of her arms with a yellowish liquid.

"Hello! young woman, got the rheumatism

barn-storming in Pennsylvania?" was my interrogatory salutation.

"No."

"I see" (the Gusher always knows it all); "you've had a fall and sprained your arm?"

"All wrong. I'm using Madame Niclodius' Melorophilme for developing the limbs and bust." I sat right down in a convenient coal-scuttle.

"In the name of the 60th, don't tell me that," I faintly murmured.

"Why not?"

"Because it dislocates my belief in woman's equality with man. Don't—don't, I beg of you, tell me you believe in a nostrum for developing your muscles or your meat."

"I think I already perceive a change in my appearance," she faltered. "Of course, I don't have much faith in it; but it can't hurt to try it. I know Jennie—and Kittie—are using it."

Then I undertook to tell her that about ten barrels of it might reach a muscle—not a spoonful less. I read her carefully the directions on the bottle of the balm. It was "to be thoroughly rubbed in on the bust with a rotary movement of the hand." It was to be "thoroughly rubbed in on the calf, with longitudinal strokes made from the ankle upward."

"And," said I, triumphantly, "what's to become of your hand after all this rubbing with this powerful agent of inflation? There are more muscles to the square inch in the human hand than in any other portion of the body. By the time you've raised a hump on you any where else, that hand will be fit to plant in Bummers' Square as a mate to the Bartholdi torch-bearer. What dreadful digital developments you may expect if you have any faith in this trash." Poor Polly had not thought of it in that light, and the argument rather weakened her; but she told me a story connected with development too good to be lost.

Some two years ago her scrawny condition and the fashion for square-cut dresses induced her to consult a physician and learn if anything could be done in the case. This doctor affably gave her a recipe, and Polly went off quite encouraged. She read it over carefully:

Cinkopincum,	vii f. oz.
Allaprobium,	iii oz.
Carb. makum,	oz. xvii.
Tinct. bustum,	x oz. ii.

Apply three times a day.

Feeling a little delicate about getting this mixture prepared at a druggist's, she cast about in her mind for an agent. That evening a well-known actor dropped in for a chat, and being one of the boldest and best-natured men in the world, Polly said, "By the way, Jack, won't you please get that prescription put up for me at Caswell's as you go home?"

The compliant comedian assented with alacrity, but with manlike curiosity asked what it was for?

Polly, having her Ready Liar handy, replied, "Why, my hair is coming out badly, and this is a great remedy to stop it."

That remark sank deep in Jack's mind. Next day he sent a bottle of the bust developer to Polly, and about three months after he turned up at the actress' flat in a very discouraged condition. As quickly as possible he got to his errand.

"I say, Polly, did that prescription do you any good? I took the liberty of getting it put up for myself, and I suppose I must have rubbed as many as twenty bottles into my skull, and I don't see a pin-feather coming."

So all the time she'd been using it to develop her figure, Jack had been trying it to raise hair, and it failed both ways.

I resumed my seat in the coal-scuttle and howled with delight; and no one can howl out.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

A Worthy Charity.

But a few boxes remain unsold for the Children's Carnival at the Academy on February 2, and an exceptionally brilliant attendance is expected. Two hundred children are rehearsing the dances, tableaux and marches at Irving Hall, and the programme promises to be more attractive than any of the six that have preceded it. The Carnival is given for a laudable charity—the Western Dispensary. That institution has been in operation for several years in a district that is inhabited by the very poorest classes, and the suffering and want it has been the means of relieving would fill a whole library of records. The Dispensary is almost out of debt, and it is reported that the Academy performance this year will pay off the last penny and leave the building free of incumbrances. Dr. Egbert Guernsey—a physician whose career is marked by thousands of acts of kindness and charity to all conditions of men—was the founder of the Western Dispensary. It should be an enduring monument to his beneficence.

Among other professional ladies, Christine Nilsson had manifested her intention to be present at the Carnival, as THE MIRROR has already announced. The following letter from the cantatrice was received in this city two days ago:

DEAR MRS. GUERNSEY—Allow me to express to you my very best thanks for your kind invitation to be present at the Children's Carnival and Grand Ball on February 2. I am sorry to say that I shall not be in New York at that time; but I have given instructions to my friend, Mr. A. Harbelaud, to keep a box for me for the grand occasion. I shall be with you all in thoughts, and hope that this great charitable work will be an immense success in every respect. Believe me, dear Mrs. Guernsey, in great haste,

Sincerely yours,

CHRISTINE NILSSON-HARBELAUD.

It is hoped that among the buyers of the few remaining boxes the names of some more of our professional friends will appear.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flashed to Us from Everywhere.

Short and Inglorious.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 24.—Messrs. Andrews and Stockwell, who reached the Slope in the train of a Humpty Dumpty troupe, have fled the city. They leased the Grand Opera House a few months ago, and promised big things in the way of good entertainments at cheap prices. The theatre is closed; the ghost should have ambled yesterday. Company disbanded; some are in a bad fix. The pair decamped on Sunday, and are supposed to be making for Mexico by the Southern route. Serious charges are alleged against Andrews, and efforts are making to reach him. Chaff had been underlined as the next attraction. The Frisco career of these worthies was short and inglorious.

Esmeralda is a fashionable hit at Baldwin's. There was standing room only the first night. It is undoubtedly in for a run.

The little Pop party has jumped at once into the good graces of the San Franciscans. Mackay and Castleton are the greater favorites. The houses have been crowded.

Strogoff is still on at the California. Cecile Rush is ill, and Georgia Cayvan has been acting in her place. Rival claque attend on Cornalba and Ariel. J. R. Grismer has been engaged as leading man and stage manager at this house.

Cad the Tomboy is a success at the Baldwin. Ada Deaves has been temporarily substituted for Martha Wren in the leading character. Miss Wren, who made a flattering hit in the part, is ill. On account of a quarrel with Grover, Jr., Raymond Holmes has thrown up his position in the company.

The National Capital.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Bartley Campbell's White Slave combination opened at the National Monday night to a fair house. Bartley left the city yesterday for Philadelphia, whither he goes to superintend preparation for the production of Siberia.

At Ford's the Boston Ideal Opera company began their second week with a jam, much to the surprise of the knowing ones who prophesied that business would "drop" during the latter part of the engagement. Miss Ober is acting as her own agent, travels with the company, and "counts up" regularly every night. She is a woman of business—and nerve.

At the Comique Fanny Louise Buckingham and her steed, James Melville, appeared in Mazeppa to a crowded house.

Professor Carl Faellon will give piano recitals at Marini's Hall January 29, February 5 and 12, assisted by Kate Percy Douglas, Florence Rice-Knox and Susie Macauley.

Opposition to the Crook.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ALBANY, Jan. 24.—The Black Crook is doing a rushing business at the Leland; there was a very large house last night. Still, it is voted the poorest show the Kralfys ever brought to Albany. A counter-attraction at Levantine's Theatre is The White Crook, which is drawing good houses.

The Jessie James drama (gore galore) drew a top-heavy house at Music Hall last night.

The Two Salvinis.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 24.—Margaret Mather made her first appearance in this city Monday night, and drew to the Chestnut Street Opera House the smallest first-night audience that has been seen there in some weeks. Miss Mather, as Juliet, has impressed favorably. She is not a phenomenal actress, but displays intelligence and ability, and gives promise. Her faults are those peculiar to budding talent, and the best advice that can be given the young star is to study nature more closely and be less lavish of those mannerisms never absent from a well-coached debutante. Alexander Salvini, who appeared as Romeo, is also new to this public. He possesses decided talent, and if properly schooled in his art will make a fine actor. He is only twenty, and is very handsome. Under the care of Carlo Chizzola, young Salvini came to this country last season, and during a very brief space of time has become familiar with the English language, although he still retains an accent which at times is very marked. Signor Salvini has always been reluctant to have his son become an actor, and had selected for him the profession of civil engineer. Alexander came to America to accept a position offered him by a prominent engineer of Baltimore, a friend of his father. But he became stage-struck and accepted the offers made him by Mr. Palmer to play George Duhamel in Article 47 at the Union Square Theatre, and his success as Duhamel led to his acceptance of the engagement to support Miss Mather. Alexander Salvini's first appearance upon the stage was made in Florence, Italy, at the age of eighteen. He then played the title rôle of The Son of Titians for a benefit. Signor Salvini came from Baltimore Monday to witness his son's performance of Romeo. Previous to Salvini's departure for Baltimore he secured seats for that evening, but desired to preserve his coming a secret, as he wished to witness the performance unknown to his boy. If the great tragedian is satisfied that the young

actor gives such promise as predicts a future, he has determined to have him study under his own direction, and Alexander will then return to Europe with him in the Spring.

At Haverly's, on Monday night, pretty little Minnie Maddern was greeted by an audience that crowded the theatre from pit to dome. Her impersonation of Chip is clever; but Calahan's play is trash. The young star is worthy of a better piece. Chip is at best a poor character, and the other personages are mere sketches. William Cullington, who appears as Still, may be an actor; but if he is, the rôle of William Still has placed his light under an extinguisher. Minnie Maddern has a bad habit of dragging her speeches in a senseless and monotonous manner, which, if not corrected, will prove a very great defect. A better play will bring more life out of her. The piece is foggy, and so was the performance.

The Jerseyman, at the Arch Street Theatre, drew a large audience. Gilderoy N. G. Punk, Barney McAuley's new part, is cut after the same stripe as Mulberry Sellers. Punk has on hand innumerable schemes, such as making cats consume their own noise by means of a patent air-tight muzzle. He is also the protector of distressed maidens, and much else. The play is ordinary, but not devoid of humor. McAuley amused greatly as Gilderoy.

Iolanthe in the West.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

CLEVELAND, Jan. 24.—Our curious folk and the fashionables had their first taste of Iolanthe on Monday night. There was an overflowing house. The opera has not created a furore. It will be repeated Thursday and Saturday. Sonnambula was greeted by a full house last night. The weather is intensely cold.

Little's World is not drawing large houses at the Academy, and the small audiences are by no means enthusiastic.

Our Summer Boarders.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

KINGSTON, N. Y., Jan. 24.—Elliott Barnes' new comedy, Our Summer Boarders, was given at Music Hall on Monday. Carroll and Frew, the Irish comedians, caught on at once. The play is a success. Mr. Barnes' is to be congratulated on his latest effort.

Burnt-Cork Prosperity.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

LYNN, Jan. 24.—Thatcher, Primrose and West played to \$765.85 Monday night; finest minstrel show ever given in this city. Billy Rice joined the party at this place; but he was unable to appear on account of a bad cold.

The Three Detroit Theatres.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

DETROIT, Jan. 24.—Lights o' London, at Whitney's, is a great success. Business is good. Squatter Sovereignty is doing well at the Detroit. The Ravel Parlor Circus, etc., is crowding the Park.

Janaschek's New Play.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 24.—Janaschek had a full house Monday night, when she presented Mary Stuart. Last night was the first presentation of her new play, Zillah. Although we were the dog upon which it was tried, it was thoroughly appreciated by a large and intelligent audience.

Rhea Has a Narrow Escape.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 24.—The train bearing Rhea and company met with an accident near Montgomery on Saturday last. Six cars were derailed, and all had a narrow escape. The train was delayed fourteen hours, and the star lost a large guarantee in Galveston.

The Giddy Sweetheart's Westward Flight

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

DENVER, Jan. 24.—Minnie Palmer opened to nearly \$1,000 on Monday night. Last night there was a still larger house. Bishop's week of Strictly Business was only moderate; receipts, \$3,420.

Miscellaneous.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 22.—Baldwin's Theatre opened to-night, under Frohman Brothers' management, with Madison Square co., in Esmeralda. House packed with most fashionable audience that ever attended a dramatic entertainment in this city. Company and play a grand success.

WELLESVILLE, O., Jan. 23.—The Charles Howard Aunt Keziah company arrived on time, as advertised, and opened the new opera house to a crowded auditorium of our best citizens. Mr. Howard's share will reach about \$700. The company is first-class, gave unbounded satisfaction, and Aunt Keziah (Charles L. Howard) was received with shouts of applause. The play, company and opening are a great success.

HARRY COOPER, Proprietor Opera House.

BANGOR, Me., Jan. 23.—Denman Thompson is giving Joshua Whitcomb to-night to a crowded house. Receipts very large.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—Courage was a great triumph. A large number were unable to obtain admission, the Park Theatre was so crowded. Act Five alone received four recalls.

J. B. STURMANT.

NEW YORK MIRROR

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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Faults of Modern Drama.

The stage is supposed, on the authority of its most eminent disciple, William Shakespeare, to be the mirror of nature and to reflect the manners of the times and the passions of humanity as they exist in that particular place and that especial epoch where the scene of the drama may be laid. Our model comedy, A School for Scandal, thus reflects the manners of the early Georgian era—everything is English to the last degree; the local color is perfect, and one rises at the end of the play with a thorough feeling that one has been in good society of the middle class in London a hundred years ago.

But in our modern dramas it is very different. They are, for the most part, adapted from the French or German, and although the names may be English, the characters are as far removed from that color as Dan from Beersheba, Land's End from John O'Groats, or Maine from Texas. Look at Robertson's Ours. Why, every soul in the play is as French as Jean Crapaud himself. Nay, even in the translating a *lapsus penna* has occurred that gives the key to the secret. Sergeant Jones, in describing a private, calls him "a simple soldier" (*simple soldat*), the French term for that honorable but humble station in military life. Besides, the closeness of the connection between the colonel, Sir Alexander Shendryn, and his inferior, is utterly impossible in the cold and formal British military system. In Caste, too, Eccles is Parisian to the end of his nails; an absinthe drunkard, not a beer-bibber or a gin-fiend. Boucicault has succeeded in covering up his tracks very cleverly; yet, in Arra-na-Pogue, which Irish drama is originally from Brittany, the hero is as French as Robespierre. To be sure, there is the Celtic heat of character common to both Ireland and France; but where is the sallow melancholy of the Irishman which, despite all the Barney Boughmans and Handy Andys of the Anglo-Irish press, is his true nature.

No; Shaun may be the English for John, but in this case it is the English for Jean.

The consequence of this "adaptation from the French" is that our stage life is as different from our home life as daylight from dark. We see in the theatre a state of society utterly contrary to what we see in the drawing-room, and we insensibly learn to accept false situations and alien sentiments as the proper state of things on the stage, but in nowise to consider what we see as having any relation to our daily life. Thus the very aim and purpose of playing is set aside, and the drama, instead of being a mirror, is a kaleidoscope. It reflects, not those objects outside of its circle, but those inside. It is an esoteric, not an exoteric art; a microscope, not a microcosm. Our actors, playing always characters foreign to their idiosyncrasies, acquire an artificial instead of a natural manner, and "stage hero" comes to be a synonym for something stilted and unnatural. Better, far better, a poor play native and to the manner born, than the flashiest of adaptations; better a homely Yankee bit of nature, like Josh Whitcomb, than all the tawdry demi-monde romances that we import and vulgarize by the dozen, for what may be persiflage in French becomes vulgarity in English. We cannot build a balloon of cast-iron nor blow a bubble out of potter's clay.

The Goose.

No longer is it the custom in America to give the goose to actors whose acting provokes the displeasure of the public. Over in England the habit of hissing still prevails among the *habitués* of the pit; but there is a determined effort being made by dramatists, managers and players—the people who suffer from the practice—to break it up. Since the days of Edmund Kean, Macready and the elder Booth the sibilant sounds of disapprobation have gone into disfavor. The reason is simply that fashion dictates a repression of every description of feeling in all places except the domestic circle. In public an outward calm must be preserved; but in the household discord and sympathy, rage and love, passion and sentiment may be indulged to the fullest extent. The same feeling that prevents a gentleman from carrying a bundle on the public thoroughfare prompts him to suppress all undue outward show of pleasure or dissatisfaction at the play-house. To applaud too frequently or to hiss is deemed bad form. This is the only reason that truly accounts for the marked change in public manners. Occasionally in the New York theatres the noise of the goose is heard, but very seldom. Usually it proceeds from some spectator who objects to hearing a song twice or thrice sung—never is it caused by prejudice or ill-feeling or a disposition to outwardly manifest dislike for an actor's efforts. Our theatre-goers err, perhaps, in being too generous with artists. They prefer to passively endure bad acting than to wound the performer by giving forth audible signs of discontent with his performance. It may be to this indulgence that many intolerable inflections of incompetency upon the public are due.

Last week at the Academy of Music in New Orleans a boy named Feiber hissed Baker and Farron in the third act of Chris and Lena. The comedians advanced to the footlights, and pointing out the lad called for his ejection from the theatre. An officer in the employ of Manager Bidwell collared young Feiber and marched him to the police station. He was held for violating a Louisiana law, and subsequently fined five dollars for disturbing the peace. The boy's father has instituted suit against Baker and Farron, the policeman who made the arrest and Manager Bidwell (who was entirely ignorant and innocent of the ejection and arrest), claiming \$10,000 for assault, odium and incarceration, and \$10,000 more as damages exemplary. The press of New Orleans denounce young Feiber's treatment as an outrage, and public feeling seems to be in accord with that view of the matter.

The episode is of little moment except that it raises the question whether or not a spectator has a right to audibly express his opinion of a performance in a theatre. It will be settled legally, and the result will be awaited with lively interest by profession and public alike. The magistrate who fined the youth did not do so because the latter hissed, but because he hissed in the wrong place. How it was possible for him to do this, those that have witnessed Baker and Farron's exhibitions—including ourselves—may not find it easy to determine.

The relations of audience and actors are governed simply by fashion, and they are subject, as experience has shown, to change. At present it is not the fashion

to hiss; but we see no reason why a person should not do so if he feels like it. A judicious revival of the custom would really have a salutary effect in some ways. It would shame incompetency from the stage and cause careless and trifling performers to bestir themselves for fear of marks of disapproval that are as unwelcome on the one hand as liberal applause is gratifying on the other. The man who pays his money at the box-office in the expectation of getting his money's worth it seems to us has a right to exercise the prerogative of passing discreet judgment upon the entertainment furnished him. If he is unwarrantably obstreperous the rest of the audience will very quickly silence him—if the majority share his views the representation must merit his criticism. If a customer pays for goods at Macy's or Stewart's on the recommendation of the salesman, and on delivery they are found to be inferior to what was represented, who will deny his right to express his sense of having been subjected to imposition or to return the goods and get his money refunded? If, in the belief and on the representation that he will see a meritorious production, the same man visits a theatre, do not the same conditions apply? Has he not an undeniable right, if his anticipations are disappointed, to show that he is displeased, if in so doing he does not make himself obnoxious to the rest of the spectators?

We think that it is the best interest of actors and managers to let their patrons, so long as no law is violated and no offense upon decorum committed, to regulate these matters for themselves. Their judgment should be independent, their expressions of pleasure or disapproval unshackled. Imagine the state of things if the citizens of this free republic were compelled to restrain their sentiments under fear of being dragged to a police court! Suppose such a law existed—how long would the theatres exist?

Decent Dressing-Rooms Wanted

A cursory inspection of the dressing-rooms in the various theatres of this city shows that the arrangements pertaining to that department are made with a lamentable disregard for the comfort and health of the artists. In two or three cases managers have manifested a proper liberality in fitting up these apartments suitably; but with the exception of such isolated instances they are not what they should be.

To reach the dressing-rooms of one of our theatres the actors have to descend and traverse a long cellar at the extremity of which they are situated. In wet weather beads of moisture form upon the walls and a miasmatic atmosphere prevails. The partitions between the rooms are but five feet apart, and they are built of old doors, bits of board and similar timber, which leaves plenty of open spaces for the admission of cold air, and protect the occupant scarcely better from the scrutiny of those outside than if they were made of mosquito-netting. On the floor of these small dens there is, of course, no carpet; but there is a thick, soft, odoriferous covering of dirt. The furniture consists of a piece of broken looking-glass, a crippled chair, and a jar usually full of dirty water. There is a general appearance of niggardliness about the place, and stinginess is shown even in the matter of hooks and nails for hanging up garments on the unpainted plank walls. Yet in these wretched rooms two and three often dress, and some of the cleverest people on the local stage nightly occupy them off and on for two or three hours. In squalor and filth they exceed the wretchedest tenement-garret that the imagination can picture. In the front of this house there is an air of elegance and refinement. The decorations are resplendent; the seats are well-padded and comfortable; the temperature properly regulated; the attendants polite—in brief, the manager vies with his rivals to demonstrate to the public how much he is willing to do—how much he does do—for their ease and entertainment. If the public could see down beneath the stage into the miserable pens wherein the leading actress dons her satins and laces and yellow wigs, the leading man arranges himself in his nice clothes, the comedian lays on his make-up, and the ballet-girls change their costumes several times of an evening—perhaps they would not consider the manager's liberality so expanded or his enterprise so genuine as it appears from a seat in the parquet.

At another theatre the condition of things is quite as bad, if not worse. The stage door is at the end of an alley which is bordered by tenement-houses. The gutters on either side are filled with stagnant pools of slops, and decayed vegeta-

bles and broken bottles in boundless profusion further embellish the dirty pave. To get to the dressing-rooms in this place of amusement—where a stock company is retained—the actors have to climb steep and rickety stairs to a level with the flies. Here a row of cubby-holes, that look like bathing-houses struck by lightning, extend along a narrow platform, and to this height men and women of the company must mount several times during the evening. There is no separation of the rooms belonging to the different sexes—they are scattered around promiscuously. The *toilettes* of the ladies in such limited quarters are of course made with great difficulty; but, as we have shown, the mere lack of space is not by any means the worst feature. The comfort of his company is the last thing the manager of this theatre considers. Recently he rehearsed his people for a new play three mornings, put them through the regular performance in the evenings, and ordered night rehearsals as well, which began at twelve o'clock midnight and lasted until five in the morning!

The dressing-rooms in many of the other theatres are nearly as bad as the two we have briefly described. Either through carelessness or callousness, the managers entirely overlook the rights of the actors in respect to accommodations behind the scenes, and the latter put up with surroundings of the most abominable nature without a word of complaint. It is a singular characteristic of players that they will submit meekly to grievances that other people would not tolerate for an instant.

Now, we hold that actors have some claim upon the consideration of managers. They are entitled to clean, decent dressing-rooms, comfortably heated, properly ventilated; and with such adjuncts as running water, plenty of towels, soap, large mirrors, tables, sound chairs and adequate gas-light to make-up by. The manager should stop at no reasonable outlay to give the people who help earn his living such accessories as they may require to pursue their duties advantageously and to entertain a commendable respect for themselves.

In the present lamentable state of affairs THE MIRROR sees the need of a sweeping reform. There is no excuse for those managers whose provisions for the accommodation of actors are insufficient and unsatisfactory to neglect doing their duty now that the matter is brought publicly to their notice.

Personal.



CAYVAN.—The above is not an especially good portrait of Georgia Cayvan. The artist has not done justice to her good looks. She is a most estimable young lady and a very accomplished actress. She has won hundreds of admirers—as we said she would—in the West during the past few weeks.

LINGARD.—William Horace is making his fourteenth trip toward the Pacific Slope.

DREW.—Mrs. John Drew is a guest of Joseph Jefferson at his plantation in Louisiana.

FORD.—Cards are out for the wedding of George T. Ford, of Ford's Opera House, Baltimore.

HAWORTH.—It is said that Joseph Haworth will graduate as a star from the McCullough company.

LOTTO.—Fred Lotto, who had just joined Wentworth's Only Original Jollities, has just left them.

BERNHARDT.—Bernhardt has lost the greater part of her fortune in an unlucky business speculation.

JEFFERSON.—Joseph Jefferson resumes his tour after a rest among his plantation groves in Louisiana.

ABBEY.—Henry E. Abbey has just purchased the Park Theatre and the International Hotel, Boston, for \$300,000.

KIRKE.—Hazel Kirke is thriving with old-time vigor in Baltimore despite the prevalence of smallpox in that city.

MCGEACHY.—Through an error in the types we were made to say that Charles McGeachy was not married, instead of saying, as we intended, the reverse. Charles is now a blushing bridegroom.

KARL.—Tom Karl, of the Ideals, gave a birthday lunch to a number of his friends in Washington last Friday.

DEGARMO.—Lillian DeGarmo has achieved a genuine success in The Planter's Wife by her excellent comedy acting.

CLARKE.—Edward B. Clarke, son of the comedian, has become treasurer of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MCHEERY.—Tillie McHenry (Mrs. J. H. Rennie) is visiting her children at the home of her brother in Fort Wayne, Ind.

RAYMOND.—John T. Raymond leaves for the South on Sunday night. He will play in New Orleans during Mardi Gras week.

FROHMAN.—Charles Frohman returned from his Western trip on Tuesday. During his tour he visited Chicago, Omaha, Baltimore and Milwaukee.

MEECH.—Manager J. H. Meech, of Buffalo, has been in town for a few days. He returned home last night, accompanied by Manager Hanna, of Cleveland.

THORNE.—Charles Thorne is slowly recovering from his severe illness, but is not yet able to sit up. His restoration to health is merely a question of time.

GALLMEYER.—Josie Gallmeyer, the great German soubrette, is a very talented little lady. She writes two letters a week to Berlin papers and receives \$100 for them.

CALLENDER.—The Callender Minstrel boom, inaugurated at Boston last week, seems to have struck the New England towns, where the company is doing a big business.

DILLON.—Louise Dillon was under the care of a physician during the Esmeralda invasion of Detroit last week. She was in no immediate danger, and "is better now."

ELISLER.—Montpelier, the rich Frenchman of Cleveland, says that John A. Ellisler shall have a first-class theatre in that city if it costs him one hundred thousand dollars.

MAHN.—A rumor is current that Harry B. Mahn has leased the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia, lately vacated by the minstrels, and that he will devote it to light opera.

JEWETT.—Sara Jewett retired from the cast of A Parisian Romance Saturday afternoon. The cause is unknown. Her part of Morselle is being played very well by Netta Guion.

FRITCH.—Letitia Louise Fritch, formerly of the Strakos Opera troupe, joined the Barton Comic Opera company in Cincinnati last Friday, assuming the part of Phyllis in Iolanthe.

SPENCE.—Clara Spence has been granted a two months' vacation by the Madison Square management, and has sailed for Europe under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Hatch, of this city.

EVANS.—Frank Evans has temporarily loosened his grip on The Galley Slave, and, in conjunction with Annie Ward Tiffany, is tackling Camille and East Lynne at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia.

MODJESKA.—Modjeska's services were in anxious demand for the ensuing Cincinnati Dramatic Festival. Prior engagements, however, necessitated the artist's refusal of the flattering offer.

COLVILLE.—Manager Colville will withdraw Taken from Life, which is played in Boston this week, on Saturday night. The reason is that he could fill no dates after Tompkins' injunction went into effect.

BANCROFT.—A picture of Helen Bancroft, the beautiful debutante, appears on our first page. An account of her first appearance at the Turf Club Theatre on Monday night will be found in our critical department.

CLAXTON.—Kate Claxton gives a matinee benefit to-day (Thursday), at the Union Square Theatre, to St. Cecilia Lodge. This lodge is composed largely of professionals. Miss Claxton is filling in this week at the Mount Morris Theatre, Harlem.

PASSION.—It is asserted that over seven hundred persons will take part in the production of the Passion. Morse is rapidly completing the interior of the Shrine, and when completed it will be the gloomiest place of amusement in the city, the prevailing colors being black and gold.

DILLON.—Louise Dillon has been compelled to withdraw temporarily from the Esmeralda company on account of illness caused by a protracted cold. She resumes the part of Kate on Feb. 5, at Troy, N. Y. Her place is now supplied by May Gallagher, the original of the part at the Madison Square Theatre.

STEPHENS.—Old Governor Aleck Stephens, of Georgia, relict of the late Confed, entertained Mlle. Rhea at the Executive Mansion in Atlanta last week. Although continuous rain for a week had converted the streets into a jelly of mud, Georgia society turned out and made the Rhea engagement and reception the event of the season.

CAMPBELL.—The Galley Slave was revived in Berlin at the National Theatre, last week, with great success. The play was first acted there last May at the Wilhelm Theatre. Mr. Campbell is elated with his German popularity and with a cablegram just received from his translator in Berlin, which says: "Fraulein Raab, the leading soubrette of the German stage, has just bought your Heroine in Rags." America is well represented in Berlin now by Campbell and Booth.

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Jerome Hopkins has performed a good work in the establishing of the Orpheon Free Singing Schools in this city; but he is a musical crank all the same, and his last exploit, the composition of a "new and extraordinary, pure and innocent but scientific opera," called Taffy, gives rise to strong doubts that the senses have not departed from his dome of thought. In a private letter Hopkins gives the following reason for the existence of his composition: "Twenty-eight years of New York musical life have so nauseated me with the unnecessary nastiness of average operas that my very bones cry out for something pure and innocent in the personae as well as in the sentiment of opera. Taffy is clean nonsense." Hopkins is certainly off his base. The average opera is not nasty, but after perusing the libretto of Taffy, the reader's bones (to follow out Hopkins' peculiar idea as to vocal ostology) sing out most lustily for anything, even if it's not pure and innocent, so that it has rhyme and reason. One of Hopkins' new and extraordinary scientific lyrics runs as follows:

My name is little Taffy,
Because I am so laffy;
(Taffy laffy, tee, hee, hee!)
I pose it so,
For laugh will flow,
And my name is Taffy.

Give me twenty-eight years, if need be, in preference to five minutes listening to this sort of innocence and imbecility. The author is exhibiting Taffy in adjacent cities for the purpose of paying off the Orpheon School debt. 'Tis a pity that the bosh should reflect seriously upon the worthiness of the object for which it is employed.

Some highly esteemed provincial contemporaries are very much mixed on the subject of the journalistic branch of the Fiske family. The bright *Bohemian*, of Columbus, Ohio, is one of these. In speaking of the contributors to the Christmas MIRROR, it describes Mary H. Fiske as "the Clara Belle of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*," and alludes to Stephen Fiske as the editor of this paper. Mrs. Fiske, I am glad to say, is not "Clara Belle." The latter name is a nom de plume concealing the identity of one of the editors of the New York *Sun*, who employs his odd moments in inventing fairy tales for the *Porkopolitans*. Stephen Fiske is not the editor of THE MIRROR, but the dramatic editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, and a contributor of clever articles to several journals. The *Bohemian*, however, does not blunder in speaking of what it knows all about, for it says THE MIRROR as a dramatic organ is a success.

There was a singular lack of harmony between the actors and the orchestra on the first night of The Daughter of Roland, at the Fifth Avenue. The music was at all times tardy, and in several cases situations were seriously impaired by the failure of the incidental music to connect. Especially was this aggravating in the last act, when Mary Anderson, Studley and young Downing strike an attitude after the exit of other characters and the tragedienne indulges in some highly emotional speeches. Henry Puerner, the leader, evidently misunderstood the cue, and consequently got the wrong music in. The strains should have been soft, pathetic and tremulous. Instead of that there was a flourish of trumpets, and the orchestra dashed off on a furious fanfare with plenty of brass and drum to add to the din. Miss Anderson began her speech: not a word of it was audible. Her face got crimson with the force she used to knock the musicians out. In vain. There wasn't a syllable heard on the other side of the foot-lights. The star paused; but the music kept right on, banging away like the band at a circus. There was a long wait. The audience began to laugh. Then Puerner looked up at the stage and discovered all at once that something was wrong. He hushed the orchestra up; but it was the wrong music for a speech accompaniment—it had too much cornet, trombone, drum and cymbal about it. The result was funnier than what had preceded it. From the quarter where the wind-instruments were located came brazen explosions and sharp reports that disconcerted the actors and made a number of people laugh. I saw Joe Brooks doubled up like an acrobat. He did not enjoy another word that was spoken on the stage, and he narrowly escaped convulsions. I have no doubt Mr. Puerner will take pains to avoid another such blunder hereafter.

There is a good deal of talk wasted on the old superstition about Friday. Professionals, like sailors, consider it an unlucky day for the launching of any new enterprise. These people may derive some comfort from the reminder that Friday is associated with the following notable events in American history: Friday, Columbus discovered America; Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest city in the States, was founded; Friday, the *Mayflower* landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock; Friday, Washington was born; Friday, Cornwallis surrendered the British army at Yorktown, and Friday, the Declaration of Independence was presented to Congress.

I heard some people talking about the immorality of A Parisian Romance the other evening. One lady said she would not allow her

daughter to see the play. I asked if she had seen it herself. "Oh, no," she answered. Further inquiry elicited the impression that she had obtained the impression that Feuille's piece was improper from a newspaper—what newspaper she could not recall. Thus are people who haven't the enterprise to investigate such matters for themselves led into error. No mother need entertain the slightest objection to sending her daughter to the play that would cause a prude to blush. The only portion that could for a moment be thought dubious is the supper scene; but the moral pointed by its startling climax more than atones for any slight suggestiveness it might contain.

Richard Mansfield is likely to become a great actor; but he has not attained the experience or age when he can assume the nonsensical airs that are pardoned in some of his elders. The other night, after the curtain had fallen on the banquet scene in A Parisian Romance, one of the gentlemen of the company happened to laugh at something another had said. On this, I am told, Mr. Mansfield ramped and roared like the lion in Leigh Hunt's poem. He thought that a discreet silence should be observed among his associates after the impressive death of the Baron Chevalier. Take care, young man; pray don't let your talents be warped at this early stage by the professional churlishness that comes of egotism.

Storming Whitewater.

The village of Whitewater is located in the State of Wisconsin. It is in the county of Walworth, about fifty miles midway between Janesville and Milwaukee. The reference table of Mitchell's Atlas says it is a money-order station. Whether money-orders are ever issued from that office or not we have no authentic knowledge; but from certain facts recently received we are inclined to believe they are not. This is about all that up to a few days ago was known about Whitewater.

About a fortnight since a bold Thespian, yclept Hilman Stephany, sallied forth from Milwaukee with fell designs upon the gawks in the adjacent hamlets. He led a gallant troupe of barnstormers, and he carried many pounds of blood-red and sky-blue printing wherewith to entice the rural population into his lair. Through the Wisconsin "jay" towns he bore his banner in triumph, and the spoils that found their way into his capacious grip-sack made his histrionic heart throb wildly with joy. In the bright lexicon of his youth, he read nothing about the village of Whitewater. Had the bright lexicon been complete to date he would have avoided that spot as if it were infected with malignant cholera. But in the absence of particulars he entered Whitewater by daylight on a railroad train. A portion of the enticing paper before-mentioned was posted conspicuously on the barn-yard fences and pig-pens of the town. Stephany and company were announced to appear at the "Opera House" on the same evening, Jan. 10.

Previous to the performance the manager received a visit from the President of the Town Board. His name is Littlejohn; but he made a demand that belied the meaning of the first half of his name. This worthy informed the daring Stephany that he would have to pay \$20 for a license and present 20 complimentary tickets to the town trustees before the show could be given. Notwithstanding that there were grave doubts whether the sum specified did not amount to more than all the ready cash in Whitewater, and that the number of officials "complimented" did not comprise the whole adult population of the township, Stephany paid the fee, handed over the cards of admission and sent President Littlejohn away rejoicing. The entertainment was given; but to how many people does not appear. The score of trustee deadheads were absent to a man.

Bright and early next morning President Littlejohn called again upon the manager. He had the 20 free passes in his hand. Imagine Stephany's surprise when the visitor said he was desirous of exchanging the pasteboards for money. They had not been used, and he was therefore willing to let the manager redeem them for their total face value—\$20. The latter, not comprehending the force of the claimant's arguments, strange as it may appear, refused point blank to accede to his modest little request and prepared forthwith to depart from the expensive precincts of the primitive Whitewater. But the Town Board were not to be so unceremoniously set aside. They determined to give battle to the last. By a shrewd manoeuvre they invoked the muscular arm of the Wisconsin law so effectually that the belongings of Stephany and his comrades, bag and baggage, were seized in its strong grip. Unable to proceed further without the blood-red and sky-blue paper, and the various disguises necessary to the prosecution of his business, the manager, with rage in his heart and grief in his countenance, hastened him to Chicago to combat the authorities of the village with such legal weapons as are there obtainable. Chicago is the natural refuge of litigants in time of need. It is a long way off sometimes; but it has got a big reputation for quick and speedy divorce cases.

Stephany at once filed a suit against the town of Whitewater, to divorce his baggage from the amorous clutches of the President and trustees and to exact monetary balm for his wounded feelings. As so seemed to be the favorite figure with the high functionaries of the village, the manager placed his damages at \$20,000.

Should he be awarded the full amount it is probable Whitewater would be swept out of existence—money-order office and all. In that case its remains would attract tourists from afar-like the ancient mounds in Mexico. Perhaps (if the hackmen were kept at a safe distance) it might outlive the other famous relics, for railroad fares from all points East would be incomparably cheaper.

The receipts of Esmeralda at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, are the largest ever enjoyed by the management, and the largest of any company that ever opened there, exceeding those of Hazel Kirke.

Bad luck seems to have come suddenly over the traveling companies of the Madison Square Theatre. The good luck of the Esmeralda company in escaping from the flames at the Newhall House, Milwaukee, seems to have deserted them now. One company was compelled to lose a night at Milwaukee last week on account of the non-heating of the house, and another company was snowed in at Aurora, Ill., while a third is hopelessly involved in a snowbank in Iowa. Another had a narrow escape in a railroad crash in California.

Progress of Our Movement.

The agitation of our plan to restore the one-night stands and small towns again to the position they formerly enjoyed in the estimation of travelling managers is meeting with a heartier co-operation than we expected so early in the campaign. It appears that the provincial managers were ripe for the reform and only needed the stimulus of THE MIRROR to begin operations. Progress has been made since our last issue, and sanguine converts have come over to the belief that the only way to save the small towns from the complete ostracism of first-class combinations next season and thereafter is by rigorously refusing to book more attractions per week than the size of their various towns will profitably allow. Some managers signify their intention of acting in concert with others, while many prefer to work singly. But whether the out-of-town theatrical men form associations or effect their purpose independently, matters little; the same good result will be attained in either case. Thus far no opponents have arisen. But every good movement has its enemies, and this one will prove no exception to the rule. Opposition will doubtless be encountered in the barnstormers and their adherents. But these are good antagonists to have, as they are a class that have always been a scourge to the good people of the provinces. One of the good points of the limitation plan is the shutting out of these wholly irresponsible parties.

IN NEW YORK.

From several prominent managers and stars our reporters have obtained interviews on the subject. To one of our local representatives Mr. Brooks, of Brooks and Dickson, said yesterday: "We are glad a movement is being made in this matter. The one-night stand business has been terribly abused. A decent combination is often injured owing to the stupidity of some country manager who will only rent, and consequently is glad to get any and every attraction inside his house." Samuel Colville added: "Yes, yes; these small managers will rent because they make more than otherwise; consequently a good attraction must suffer. These managers, especially those in the West, will let a sword-swallower and his followers into their houses on a night between Salvini and Mary Anderson. The sword-swallower charges the same prices and hangs more paper. His advertisements are as striking, his press notices as lurid, as those of the legitimate attractions. The people are fooled. They have no means of finding out what is good and what is bad; therefore all traveling companies fall into disrepute, and business is ruined."

Harry Miner remarked to a reporter: "A good attraction is often compelled to cancel dates in the country because the five nights preceding are filled in with snags. The movement is a good one, and I hope THE MIRROR will succeed in reforming the abuse."

Nat Goodwin said: "I have thought many times that business with our own company would be better if it were not obliged to play against so many snide attractions which, as is advertising is concerned, are the best on the road."

Buffalo Bill said: "My business is so uniformly good that I cannot speak understandingly of the subject. Yet I think THE MIRROR's plan a good one, and co-operate with you heartily. I shall watch your columns closely, and shall expect to read of success."

Harry Mann said: "Daisy Murdoch will star under my management next season, and you may be very sure that I shall prefer to book in towns that are not overhauled."

John McCaull said: "I have taken the trouble to figure it out, and find that many country-towns, noticeably one in Ohio, play over one hundred and sixty attractions a night as compared with the population of New York. Could New York stand one hundred and sixty entertainments a night? Well, hardly."

OUT OF TOWN.

THE MIRROR has received a number of communications from out-of-town people. Reference to the provincial department this week also will show that many managers have awakened to a sense of the importance of this departure and have signified their intention to co-operate in the effort that is being made to remedy the evil. The letters that are appended will give some idea of the necessity that is felt for action and the enthusiasm of the writers.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—As you are interested on the subject of one-night stands, I wish to give you a very late experience. The Ranch to party booked with me last June for their appearance in our city Wednesday, Jan. 17. Contract was closed all satisfactory, and I heard from the company by marked notices in prominent papers. About the middle of December I heard from Mr. Smith, manager, who stated that he would have to cancel date, because his agent had filled too many engagements, supposing that it made no difference to many others—that perhaps all were the same. He didn't deem it worth while to answer my letter, in which to cancel, as I had refused to book three of the best attractions on the road for the same week. I telegraphed the company while they were in Milwaukee, but the only reply I got was: "Mr. Smith is sick in Philadelphia. What business do you refer to?" This was signed "Harry Meredith."

I answered, giving date, etc., but heard nothing more of the matter. I have placed the matter in the hands of my attorneys, Messrs. Stroud & Armstrong, to collect damages, and, if need be, go into United States Court with the matter. I don't care for the remuneration. It is to show such managers that even small towns must be respected, and also to inform Mr. Smith, legally, that others, even in the small city of Portage, are as well posted as he in theatrical affairs. I take this step for the reason I have only one-night town in our State controlled in this way—viz.: I book only one attraction in a week and have done so for the past two seasons. I give you these particulars so that, if needed, you can refer to them, in case the matter may be worth mentioning hereafter by others.

Managers must be made to understand, even before one-night stand associations are instituted, that the manager's rights, even in a small town, must be respected. If I had time I would rent the opera houses in our best cities for one year for only one-night-in-a-week

stands, and in this way endeavor to make Wisconsin a little better than a graveyard for standard attractions. Wishing you success in your enterprise in this matter, I am, yours truly,
JAMES DULLAGHAN,
Manager Dullaghan's Opera House.

*I don't refer to circuit business, but the rent outright for one year, absolutely controlling the business.

ABLE OPERA HOUSE, EASTON, Pa., Jan. 10, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror:

SIR:—Your efforts to effect a reform in one-night stands should be seconded by all "country managers," as well as by those interested in combinations, and I write to add a word of encouragement, and hope you will continue in the good work. Every local manager should first ascertain how many attractions a week his town will support, then book that number and no more. By adhering to this he will be much better off, financially, at the close of the season. Instance Easton for an illustration. We have, with adjoining towns, a population of 25,000, and see find that two attractions a week is all-sufficient. By limiting them to this number, business is uniformly good. Last season our average was \$341.25, and this season promises to be as good if not better. Managers of combinations should refuse to play with those managers who book more than their town will stand. Agitate this question, and I trust you will be successful in bringing about a reform. Respectfully yours,
WM. M. SHULTZ.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—Under the headlines of "A Question of Common Sense," you have succeeded magnificently in placing the sins of overworking dates in smaller cities on the local managers of what you call "one-night stands," and that they hereafter will not be forced to construction, leave the impression that smaller cities in Ohio, and perhaps elsewhere, are looked upon by these imaginary stars of the profession as simply places for side-shows, and that they hereafter will not be forced to give such points the disastrous effects of *sonneries*. Ten and more years ago, shortly after the erection of my house, Edwin Forrest, Mrs. General Landers, Joseph Jefferson, and later, Maggie Mitchell, Mary Anderson and others of high reputation, played to highly satisfactory paying houses here, when our city had not one-half the population it has at present, with only one railroad for excursion trains, when now we have six additional railroads, and our population is close to 100,000, containing about 50,000 inhabitants, who in point of taste, culture and refinement compare favorably with those of the "Hub." Figuratively, the same may also apply to some of the opera houses in the interior of Ohio.

Impositions and frauds are constantly and continually practiced on local managers by so-called attractions (who not unfrequently are recommended by New York drama-brokers and others), who only skill consists in placing fine pictorial printing on the bulletin boards and expensive lithographs in the French plate windows. There is no doubt that the best stars and finest attractions in the whole of Ohio would not be in season, and often more than they do in some of the more pretentious cities not a thousand miles away from here; and it is there where the shoe pinches more than complaints of soreness of toes in the higher circles of the profession. This city, with its large number of theatres, and its now well sustained first-class attractions per week (its population being over twenty thousand), from September to June, I have, however, concluded hereafter to book no more than two per week, and make that condition in every contract.

To remedy all complaints and ailments permit me humbly to suggest the holding of a sort of love-feast or convention, at the proper time and place, to be in season, say, one week composed of the managers of all the stars of first-class attractions passing through Ohio, east or west, and all the local managers of Ohio, for the purpose of attending to the necessary-looking for the season of 1883 and 1884, and adopt such uniform rules and regulations as would prove mutually satisfactory and remunerative. I am satisfied the managers of Ohio would unanimously respond with their presence, and I have further no doubt that the result would be preferred as the place and some time in May or June, 1883, as the time for holding such convention. Our State could then be divided into proper circuits for weekly engagements, on the principle of our political organizations. Let some of the managers of state and first-class reputable companies issue a call for a convention at no distant day. All snides and barn-stormers will thus be done away with in the most speedy and successful manner, and I have no doubt our State will follow suit. Respectfully, your obedient servant,
LOUIS SCHARPER.

CANTON, O., Jan. 22, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror:

I am glad that the question of "one-night stands" has taken such a strong hold upon professional people. I have the misfortune to live in a town that has been "snapped" to death. I had nearly written humbly beyond resurrection. Three, four, five shows in one week, that even a child could discern would not do at all, but I have put in an appearance in this town of 16,000; four-fifths of the audience of some of these so-called shows "pawed" their way in. I have in my mind's eye a company, the proprietor of which gave away no less than 100 complimentary tickets in one day, after scanning the box-sheet. Too much cannot be said against the evil of playing more than one night a week in towns of 20,000 or less, and I am sure that no local manager, with a large number of people that he has to cater to, would attempt to do so. There are times and places, however, when and where the local manager cannot help himself—I. e., in towns where there is only one available place for amusement, and that under the control of the City Council or City Clerk. These places, generally called City Halls, are let at all times to all people; during the "week" to historic, lyric and other entertainments, and on the seventh day of the week to declaimers, against, and defenders of, the "stage" in any form. I sincerely hope that some idea will be presented by which first-class combinations can co-operate exclusively with the local managers in such towns where the hall is entirely under the control of a City Council or a Board of Trustees, as no janitor of such hall will refuse to book any show that offers at any time. As it stands now in this city, to insure success to a company, the gentleman playing it has to canvass for acquaintance, and to catalogue the play and its people; it is virtually asking a subscription. To one good company that shows here there are five bad ones. Only a short time ago the billboards were covered with Hyde and Behman's paper names as used in billing Muldoon's Picnic; the same names were used on all lithos, and when the show opened it was discovered that not one of Hyde and Behman's people were on the stage. The writer of this took pleasure in informing a large number of people that Hyde and Behman's people could not possibly be in the State on that date. As another instance of how this city is scourged, we have an Uncle Tom's company for next week—the fifth of his kind.

Would it not be a good idea, in towns situated like this, for managers to single out some responsible resident man, in whom citizens have confidence, to represent their companies in this city, so that he could announce their coming under his signature, thus a great measure, assuring the amusement-seeking people that the entertainment is worthy of their support. Perhaps there are not many towns situated like this; but there may be many towns (one-night stands) in which there is a City Hall and an Opera House, and it seems to me that even there the need of some such arrangement is apparent to secure adequate support to good shows.

Respectfully,
WHENDRER.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 22.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—I desire to bring our house to the notice of managers of first-class attractions through the medium of your valuable paper, and take the liberty of briefly stating that it occurs to me may be of service in showing the disposition and ability of the management to act up to its profession.

In April last the house was opened under the management of Mr. A. S. Anthony, who was one of ten who built the house, and formed a corporation. Mr. Anthony ran the house for three months, and last September, feeling a change was necessary, I, with two or three others of the original owners, bought his stock, and took the management into our own hands, since which I have had the management with the assistance of Mr. Grinnell. Being wholly without experience in the business, we engaged as agent Mr. J. C. Owen, who attends to the practical running of the house.

The object is now to make the house popular with first-class managers and the public, and although we have met with great success this season so far, we have had no regular policy by which to accomplish our end.

I am satisfied that it is more profitable to open the Opera House twice a week to a good attraction on shares than to rent every night, as the latter course soon would ruin the business, and the only objection to the former is the danger we run in not being able to book good attractions on favorable terms in season, and to this end I wish to inform the profession through your paper that we book only first-class attractions, and book only two a week.

The few gentlemen who are stockholders are determined to make the house popular with managers, and give the public nothing that is not good even if the house be run at a loss; and after reading with interest the discussion in your paper, I am satisfied that two nights a week will prove better for all parties, provided managers will take some pains to make early bookings.

Respectfully yours,
WALTER CLIFFORD.

PRESS COMMENTS.

Baltimore American.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR is trying to make the one-night towns popular with combinations by inducing the managers of the theatres to play but one attraction a week. The suggestion is meeting with much favor.

Springfield Republican.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, which is generally agitating some scheme for the good of the theatrical guild is endeavoring to bring about reform in the way of reducing the number of weekly entertainments in what is technically known as "one-night stands." It has a number of interviews on the subject this week with prominent managers.

Rosenfeld's Play, The Storm Child.

On Friday of next week, Minnie Maddern and her company will produce at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, for the first time on any stage, Sydney Rosenfeld's new picturesque play, The Storm Child. The author has been engaged on this work for many months past. He says it is an original production, and one which he himself considers his best. This opinion is shared by the entire company now rehearsing, and as a token of the manager's (J. H. Havlin's) confidence in it, it may be stated that one scene alone in the third act will cost no less than \$600 to produce. The play is purely American; but, unlike its native associates, does not unfold itself in the boundless West. The scene is laid partially at Mill River, Mass., and partly in New York City. The characters are drawn from life, and are entirely the result of the author's personal observations. The heroine is a quaint blending of opposing types of character—on the one hand a winsome, playful child; on the other a tempestuous, fervent nature. She is called Volta, and was born in Mexico during a storm wherein her father was killed. She was brought to the Berkshire Hills a mere child, and then adopted by a farmer. All the characters are types. Among others there is one that will fall to Harold Forsberg, called Colonel Theodore Guste, whose staggering emphasis on the simplest topics of conversation lightens up the piece with genuine comedy. The play is in four acts and six tableaux.

The following is the cast that will give the play its first representation in Baltimore:

Volta, the Storm Child.....	Minnie Maddern
Ernest Marston, a young man of letters.....	W. A. Whitman
Col. Theodore Guste, who is nothing if not emphatic.....	Harold Forsberg
Abner, a half-witted farm lad.....	Wm. Collington
Farmer Guste, of Guste Farm.....	F. Armstrong
Brace.....	Charles Mason
Gresham.....	H. Hermegnan
Beers.....	John Forbes
Widdow.....	T. Brown
Eva Myrtle.....	Helena Schmitt
Miss Gracie, the Colonel's sister.....	Kate Beebe
Meg, the Farmer's housekeeper.....	Lillie Joyce

In the third act occurs the bursting of the Mill River dam, showing the rising of the water and the sinking of the shores. This scene is not merely introduced as a surprise, but is the legitimate culmination of a series of stormy dramatic incidents.

Mr. Stetson's Plans.

"Yes, I intend to place The Corsican Brothers on the road," said Manager Stetson to a MIRROR reporter yesterday, "and I shall send it out with fine scenery and effects; but not just at present—not until it has finished its successful run here. I shall take the company to the prominent cities."

"What will follow it at Booth's?"
"I can't say. Several attractions want to come in; but I don't know just what to do. I have been in hopes that Charley Thorne would get well and resume his part. If he could do so, it would put new life into the play, and he could make business good for the rest of the season. His illness was most unfortunate for both of us. I had to close the theatre for one night, and he lost an opportunity of making a reputation as the brothers. However, everything is prospering, and all my theatres are doing well; so I am satisfied."

Professional Doings.

—N. S. Wood opens a Boy Scout season in Newark next week.

—D. B. Hopkins has become general agent for John A. Stevens.

—Russell Glover, a good tenor for light opera, is disengaged.

—Boucault's play, The Amadan, will be produced at Boston Monday evening.

—The Grand Opera House at New Bedford, Mass., falls into line and will book only two attractions a week for next season.

—Keriah Howard, C. L., who went under in Cleveland last week, bobs up serenely this week and opens the new Cooper Opera House at Wellesville, Ohio.

—The closing of the Square Man season at the beginning of February throws a number of good people out of engagements. Among these are Herbert Ayling and Libbie Noxon.

—The cheap prices at the Indian Wigwam tend greatly to its success. At every performance the building is crowded, and in the evenings hundreds are turned away. The Indians are shown to advantage. Their singing, if not musical, at least has the virtue of novelty. The circus is very good.

—A year ago Brooks and Dickson's errand-boy was sent to the bank to rash a check for \$100. He did not return that day, or for several days. He was hunted up, and then told a pitiful story about having his pocket picked and being afraid to return. His plausible story won him sympathy, and he was taken back. Two months ago he was sent with another \$100 check, and again failed to turn up. Recently a gentleman walked into Brooks and Dickson's office and inquired about the boy, saying that he had given the firm as reference. Both men think this was the purest unadorned check they ever saw.

Historical Essays on the Drama.

Almost all the arts, whether of utility or imagination, have come to us through the Greeks; indeed, many have but degenerated among us. There are a few, however, which we can claim the credit of having brought as near to perfection as possible—that is to say, we have carried them home to Nature, the mother of all art. The origin of the Drama is lost in the night of Time. We find traces of it among all nations, even the most barbarous; nay, we even see it in its rudimentary form in the antics of the lower animals, as, for instance, the dancing of the Australian lyre-bird and the gambols of the preaching ape of South America. Nay, in our own homely barn-yards do we not see the majestic gobbler strut and plume himself as Forrest used to do in Metamora?

The need of occupation, to drive away the vapors of the mind which besiege mankind in all places and in all ages, gave birth to that desire for the beautiful and unexpected which we call Art, which is nothing, and can be nothing, more than an imitation of Nature. Thus were invented, or rather copied, after her, the gymnastic and scenic exercises of the Greeks, and, without doubt, many other similar entertainments among all nations, since the primitive association of men in societies and tribes. Even in a state of solitude, man showed the taste for imitation. He observed and repeated already all that living beings, whether by conscious life, as in himself, or by unconscious vegetation, as in plants, offered to his observation, as useful to their preservation or to their happiness. Thus originated the art of attack and defense. To seize the prey in the time when it was necessary to fight body to body for it, and when between the beast and the man the advantage of natural weapons was all on the side of the beast, and thence to fight and destroy our own congeners when we had learned to surpass our models, the brutes, in ferocity and address. Such was the origin of our first plays, which in these times of peace and quietness we have replaced by others, less bloody, but still preserving the traces of ancient barbarism. The Isthmic, or Isthmian games, instituted in honor of Neptune, and revived by Theseus, King of Athens, who reigned twelve hundred years before the Christian era, were the first in which poetry and music contended for the mastery. In them were introduced hunting scenes, in which animals of the scarcest species were employed to heighten the effect, to obtain which the very ends of earth were ransacked. It was these games that afterward served as epochs to the inhabitants of the Isthmus of Corinth.

Eight centuries after the time of Theseus, Pericles instituted a fresh combat between poetry and music, which formed part of the Panathenian Festivals celebrated in honor of Pallas Athene, the Minerva of the Grecian Anthology. These took the dramatic form. Each poet who entered the lists was allowed to present four pieces, and this was called a Tetralogy. The prize awarded to the victor was a coronal of olive branches and a cask of the best oil, which natural products were supposed to be the gifts of the goddess to whose glory the games were celebrated. We have no means of knowing exactly of what nature these dramatic pieces were. There was at that time no distinctive Tragedy and Comedy. The one title, Tragœdia, included both. It was not till long after that the art was divided into its two main sections. We only know that poetic dialogue, music, dancing and some sort of scenic effect were all comprised under that high-sounding appellation, and that the greatest poets of the age were not ashamed to enroll their names as candidates for the olive crown and barrel of oil. Thus combining the useful and ornamental—the Ideal and the Real.

Natural though it be to attribute the birth of Tragedy to the games of the ancient peoples, because, in truth, it seems to be merely a perfected image, born of the desire of imitation, and nursed by the objects imitated—a desire that suggested to man the idea of presenting in mimic form the combat of the passions, and fostered by those early plays, or rather games, that were mainly battles between soul and body, intellect and force, mind and matter, yet tradition assigns its origin to Chance. It is said that Icarus, lord of a village in Attica, which was afterward called by his name, and whose inhabitants were among the first to cultivate the vine, having one day found a goat devouring the grapes, killed him and divided the carcass among the peasants, who, in token of their delight, dressed themselves in their best, seized branches of the flowering shrubs that grew in luscious abundance all around, and danced in triumph about the slain destroyer of their grapes. Story adds that this diversion pleased the spectators infinitely, so much so that, through all the country side, the custom grew, and the Dance of the Goat was celebrated at every vintage. As the peasants usually got drunk during this performance, and most of them having some grievance or other against those Athenians who owned properties in the country, they gave way without reserve or stint to their jealousy and resentment, defied their oppressors, rushed to the very gates of their dwellings, shouted their names in wild excitement, and called upon the crowds that followed them, as crowds always do follow the steps of violent men and specious demagogues, to join them in abuse and vituperation. The chiefs of law and justice themselves sanctioned this annual declaration of the wrongs of an oppressed people, and thus the fear of just vengeance and the shame of public opprobrium kept tyranny and oppression in check. This rude but efficient remedy was a powerful agent against disorder and aristocratic injustice, and the Dance of the Goat was introduced even within the walls of Athens. The peasants were brought in, and executed their dance in a meadow near a grove of poplars, which was called Ægryon, and the trees of which served for the building of the scaffolds, seated on which the audience viewed the spectacle. This meadow was close to the Temple of Bacchus, and this neighborhood, and the origin of the dance itself, caused it, at last, to be accepted as forming part of the worship paid to the God of Wine. During the sacrifice the people and priests chanted, in Antiphon, hymns which, after the name of victim, were called "Tragœdia; or, The Song of the Goat."

These festivals continued to take place, not only in the temples, but also in the villages, in which a man dressed up to represent Silenus, mounted on an ass, and followed by a troop of the rabble, frantic with wine, and shouting

songs in honor of Bacchus, was paraded through the streets and meadows. The original of all future Jack o' Lents, Guy Fawkeses, King Gambiruses, and all the tribe of effigies whatsoever.

Complimentary.

Aurora (Ill.) Daily News.
In the last issue of THE NEW YORK MIRROR special editorial announcement is made that it proposes to begin in the current number the publication of a series of chapters, to be continued from week to week, under the title of "Half a Century," from the pen of that eminent dramatist and *literati*, Mr. Cornelius Mathews.
Mr. Mathews was pronounced "the most promising and successful American dramatist of the last generation," and the paper adds, "what he is to do now in the columns of THE MIRROR will, we believe, attest that he has lost none of the power or charm of other days."

That THE MIRROR endorses the articles is a guarantee of their merit. It is one of the most reliable and progressive class publications of the age, and its circulation is not confined to the dramatic profession, but is read and appreciated everywhere.

Hagerstown (Md.) Daily News.
THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—This paper is acknowledged authority for all matters pertaining to the amusement world. It has special correspondents in all towns and cities where troupes appear, and is therefore enabled to keep posted in all matters of interest to actors, actresses and managers. Besides full reports of this character, it teems with interesting reading matter and telegraphic news from all parts of the world. The Christmas Number now before us is a beautiful piece of mechanical work, and reflects credit upon its enterprising publishers.

Petersburgh (Va.) Daily Index-Appal.
CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—We are a little late in noticing the handsome Christmas Number of this excellent dramatic paper, but the fault does not lie with us. THE MIRROR is the representative of the dramatic profession in the country, and is at the head of all papers devoted to distinctive theatrical intelligence. It is filled with good reading matter apropos the votaries of the stage, is carefully edited by Harrison Fiske, and is a journal which is absolutely indispensable to those who would keep posted in theatrical affairs.

Fargo (Dakota Ter.) Daily Post.
A copy of the Christmas number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is before the scrutinizing gaze of the *Evening Post*. THE MIRROR is a five-column, twenty-page journal, devoted to the interests of the dramatic world, and is brim full of the latest news in that popular line of amusements. The Christmas number presents a fine appearance throughout, being well printed on the best quality of book paper. The title page is illustrated in fine style, and the journal is in reading worth the title page is in artistic appearance—splendid.

Lowell (Mass.) Weekly Sun.
THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—The Christmas number of this bright dramatic journal is here. Its pages are in many places lit up with truthful likenesses of many of the leading actresses and actors of the day. The editorial page shows good judgment and experience in dramatic matters. Harrison Grey Fiske handles the pen in this department. Regular weekly correspondence is sent from all the leading cities of the United States. The correspondent from Lowell is Mr. Thomas F. Comerford, an intelligent writer and a gentleman.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.
The Christmas number of that well-known publication, THE NEW YORK MIRROR, was laid on our table several days ago, and should have received attention before this. The number is a very elegant one, and bears a beautifully illuminated title page, which forms a very striking and attractive picture. This number is enriched with contributions from most of the distinguished actors of the day. Mr. John McCullough has an interesting sketch of a Rocky Mountain trip. Other articles are furnished by Joaquin Miller, R. G. Moore, David Belasco, Jennie June, Henry Edwards, Mary H. Fiske, Modjeska, Cornelius Mathews and many other prominent people. It is also further illustrated by a striking representation of Edwin Booth as Richelieu. Aside from the illustrations and general excellence of its typographical appearance, this number of THE MIRROR contains a vast amount of exceedingly interesting reading matter, which, from its great excellence and discriminating character, renders this not only a beautiful number, but also a very useful one. THE NEW YORK MIRROR is one of those publications that is an honor to the newspaper profession, as well as an authority upon all theatrical and art matters.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.
ARMORY HALL.—Seating capacity 700. Large single dressing room, and fine scenery. Population 16,000. Rent or share with good attractions. GEO. S. SMITH, Manager.

AURORA, ILL.
THE TREMONT HOUSE, O. M. HARRIS, Proprietor. Leading Hotel of city.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
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HALF-A-CENTURY.

CHAPTER III.

LAUNCHING OUT IN AUTHORSHIP—INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT STARTED—"MEN OF THE TIME,"—BIOGRAPHICAL—"A VILE LITTLE CREEK,"—HUNTING A PUBLISHER—EARLY STRUGGLES FOR AN ARTIST, ETC.—THE CORNSTALK VIGNETTE.



As a young lawyer, I took note that Ogden Hoffman, then acknowledged to be the most eloquent pleader at the New York Bar, was mentioned, in a newspaper published in Philadelphia, as "the counsel for the defence is one Ogden Hoffman." If that, I said to myself, is all that can be attained by way of reputation in fifty years, I had better turn my attention in some other direction. My bias was already toward literature: fame may be secured there; but there is another question—the proprietary result. Men hold real estate, unmolested, in blocks. Why may not an author have an equal and an equally productive title in his books?

In looking at the matter "square in the face" I saw that an American author published a small 12mo. volume, for instance, as was my own experience in after years, of a hundred pages or so, in fair style, at one dollar a copy, contemporary with which was issued from the press of a re-printer, an octavo of three hundred and fifty pages, fine type, double column, at twenty-five cents a copy. Slight computation will show that the disparity was four times the reading matter at one quarter of the price, making the odds such that the American author appeared in the field with a club about a foot long, while the foreign author flourished a thirty-foot mace, with which he could knock the native in the head all day long, while the poor aboriginal was never able to get in so much as a tap back.

This monstrous condition of things incited me, in order that a sure foundation might be laid for such literary property as I might create, to devote myself to the promotion of an International Copyright Law. That I began early is shown by the preface to my first book, "The Motley Book," written by me, was published under the assumed name of "The Late Ben Smith," and his supposed literary executor holds forth in the preface, bearing date "New York City, January 12, 1838," as follows: "A day or two before his death the late Ben Smith sent for me in haste, with the message that he had something of very great importance to communicate and wished to see me immediately. I accordingly mounted my hat and sallied out forthwith. I found the worthy author seated on a stool by the fire, holding his manuscript roll in his hand, with a most melancholy expression of countenance. 'You must not,' said he to me, 'as you value my reputation, publish this before the I. C. L. [meaning the International Copyright Law, I suppose] passes Congress. Don't, for Heaven's sake, he continued, with great eagerness and fervor, 'risk it against the rabble of foreign publications till that riot act is read.'"

To the cause thus avowed I have adhered for nearly half a century—long enough to see the great wheel of affairs turn more than once, and, like that on which great criminals were broken, compel the offenders, now beset by the hornet swarm of cheap libraries, to cry out to our Government to relieve them by the instant passage of a treaty of protection with Great Britain in the shape of an Act of International Copyright.

The reader of these Recollections of Half-a-Century, having a desire to know something of the author personally, he may say that he is compelled to introduce here an account furnished to a Philadelphia journal (September, 1854) by Dr. Robert Tomes, a scholar of high character, who was engaged on Appleton's Cyclopaedia of Biography, as assistant of Dr. Hawkes in the volumes relating to Commodore Perry's Japan expedition, and more recently the author of the volume entitled "My College Days," published by the Harpers.

"The Men of the Time," published by Redfield, of New York," says Dr. Tomes, "is a useful dictionary of contemporary biography, containing brief memoirs of the notables of the day. From the comprehensive nature of the work, the biographies are necessarily limited to a condensed statement of the main facts in the lives of the various personages. Prompted by the interest naturally felt by the American people in all that concerns the life and genius of their men of note, we select from among American authors the sketch of a widely-known writer, Cornelius Mathews. Using this sketch as an outline, filling in the untouched parts, bringing into relief the features, adding the proper accessories, and duly arranging the light and shade, we may, perhaps, present a more life-like picture and better satisfy the natural desire of intimacy with a man of mark. Cornelius Mathews was born in the village of Port Chester, Westchester County, State of New York. Sawpitts was the original name given to this village by its primitive, matter-of-fact settlers, which their descendants, with more regard to appearance than reality, to sound than sense, have changed into Port Chester, and which has been elevated to the modern dignity of a railroad station. In one of Mr. Mathews' earliest sketches in 'The Motley Book' the features of the old village are unobscuredly drawn with a certain degree of affectionate caricature:

"The village of Plumppitts stands at the head of a vile little creek, which runs in and

out from the Sound with the tide. Unfortunately, the tide has a propensity to be out oftener than in, so that Plumppitts, for a better part of the day, sits like a great duck stranded in the middle of the mud. The inhabitants of Plumppitts are of two classes—those who belong to the river interest, and those who belong to the inland interest. The former, consisting of two rival sloop captains, half a score of vagabond boys and idle-looking men, who assist the said captains in navigating their craft to the city; and the inland interest, consisting of half-a-dozen shopkeepers and as many pestilent old women, the former of whom spend their time in retailing sugar and starch to customers from the interior, and the latter in wholesaling scandal and small-talk to each other; and a very thriving trade they make of it. The standing population of the village is composed of about twenty blue-nosed toppers, who hover about a place called the Point, like so many noisy gulls, during the early part of the morning and toward night, and pass the rest of the day in dirty fishing-boats along the shore of the Sound, solemnly engaged in capturing black-fish and bass for their present wants and providing a stock of cramps and rheumatisms for their old age.

"We can trace the influence of an early country life in Mr. Mathews' works. His descriptions of natural scenery are strikingly truthful, and there is always that harmony of feeling between scene and character that can only come from habitual communion with Nature. His rural scenes and rural life, his village junketings and merry-makings, his indoor and out-door country homes, the life, character and landscape, all have the true rustic flavor, and prove Mr. Mathews to the manor born."

In furtherance of the course we have laid down, it would seem to be important that the readers of these Reminiscences should have trust in the worthiness of the author, and, as in many cases, that cannot be asserted by the author directly in his own behalf, it is necessary, as in the case of a client who believes he has a good plea, to employ an honorable, intelligent lawyer, for the present writer to allow such statement to be made by authorities of character, whose warrant will be accepted by way of introduction, if no further. With these views, I have used in chapters of these Recollections the summary of my literary labors, in brief, down to 1851, made and published in a Philadelphia journal in 1852, by Dr. Tomes, as already stated. Of the first of my publications the following is the statement:

"The Motley Book," published in 1838, a series of sketches of American life and manners, was the first book by which Mr. Mathews claimed rank as an author. This book is composed of a variety of sketches, humorous and pathetic, which, in descriptive power, in the analysis of character, and in constructive skill in the arrangement of incident, gave early evidences of powers which have been more fully developed in the later and more complete works of the author. 'The Motley Book' was received with great favor by the public, of which the five editions through which it has passed give unquestionable proof."

Having written "The Motley Book," the first problem to be solved was, Where shall I find a publisher? It occurred to me, a sort of semi-inspiration, that from a rear window of my father's house in Pike street I had seen printers at work in the attic of a house on East Broadway. These were employed by James Turney, the father of my school-fellow, James Turney, who was endeared to me by having lent me a copy of "Ivanhoe" for my first reading of a Waverley novel. The elder Turney had just then put himself forward as a publisher by issuing a fac-simile edition of "Pickwick," at that time the great literary sensation of the day, in numbers, and so successfully that each number paid its own way, Mr. Turney having no capital worth speaking of to begin on. The plan was to issue "The Motley Book" in a series of illustrated numbers. Where to find an artist—that was the question. Well, I did not look far; for they came along with Mr. Turney, and were of the scratchy order. I furnished the designs, among others that of the vignette of the cover. I used, as the border, stalks of Indian corn—a subject for adornment which Longfellow has been commended for suggesting, two or three years ago, more than forty years after it had been employed in "The Motley Book."

Later editions of this book were illustrated by William Page, afterward celebrated as an artist and as President of the National Academy of Design. One of Mr. Page's illustrations was a frontispiece representing a contest between an old woman on foot, pushing along a wheelbarrow on the high-road, and a United States mail-coach (at that time slow-goers), which she passes at a good pace. It is an odd example on a small scale of curious concurrences, that the Boston *Post*, in a quizzical paragraph (November, 1882), jeering the Government mail service, suggests that Uncle Sam had better give the job of carrying the mail between Boston and New York, which it pronounces "a disgrace to all parties interested," to the Marblehead woman who toted her friend around the town in a wheelbarrow.

The book was very favorably noticed at the time of its publication—among others a very comfortable one from John Neal (of Portland), then editor of the *Brother Jonathan* here in New York, in which he suggested that "if this writer lived in England he would make a fortune."

Theatrical Licenses.

The bill regarding the paying of New York theatre licenses into the treasury of the Actors' Fund, which was proposed and drafted by THE MIRROR, is being actively supported by Senator Grady, and there is good reason to believe that it will become a law. The *Herald* gives the bill its support. In its columns last Friday appeared the following editorial: There is a particularly musty and unpleasant odor hanging to that old-fashioned statute which declares that every place of public amusement shall pay a license fee to the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. Why should the theatres be heavily taxed annually for the support of juvenile delinquents? What have they to do with juvenile depravity? The law was begotten of that prejudice which once existed against the stage and which asserted that its influence was demoralizing. This tax was a mean-spirited concession to the bigotry of the day. It is high time that it should be repealed, or if it is not repealed the great sum annually raised should be applied to benevolent charities within the profession from which the money comes. The members of the theatrical profession are not apt to watch these matters at Albany, and we sincerely hope that the Legislature will see that justice is done them either in the repeal of the law or its amendment as suggested.

Dispensing with Miss Roche.

Augusta Roche did not sing the part of the Queen in *Iolanthe* last Saturday afternoon. The management gave out that the actress merely sent word to the theatre in the morning that she would be unable to appear. Fanny Edwards was substituted. A MIRROR reporter called upon Miss Roche at her residence last evening and asked for her statement of the matter.

"The facts are simply these," said Miss Roche. "On Friday afternoon of last week I asked Charles Harris if I might absent myself from Saturday's matinee, as I felt the need of relaxation from my arduous duties. Mr. Harris said that he had no particular objection, but that he would give me a more definite answer later in the evening. I did not see Mr. Harris again that evening; consequently on Saturday morning I sent a note to the assistant stage manager at Mr. Carte's office, and repeated the request. I received the verbal answer, 'All right.' I went to the Casino in the afternoon, and thoroughly enjoyed myself, as it was the first performance I had seen in months. In the evening I repaired as usual to the Standard, and found the dressing-room containing all of my personal property locked and a curt note from Miss Lenoir informing me that my services would be dispensed with in future."

"I consider this shabby treatment, as I have been connected with Mr. Carte for over fifteen years, and our relations have always been most amicable. The members of the company have all expressed the utmost sympathy for me. I have had three offers to-day, and do not apprehend that I shall be ruined financially by the attitude of Miss Helen Lenoir."

On Account of Two Tickets.

On the 17th of last November William B. Oliver, Jr., purchased two tickets of a speculator to see the performance of *The Sorcerer* at the Bijou Opera House. Shortly after he entered the house and before the performance had commenced, an announcement was made that Lillian Russell was ill and would be unable to sustain the principal rôle.

Oliver stated to a MIRROR reporter that he went to the box-office immediately and stated to Mr. Charles Reeves, the treasurer, that he did not care to witness the performance unless Miss Russell appeared and asked that the money—three dollars—be refunded. Mr. Reeves refused, and Mr. Oliver expostulated. He says that Mr. George Dunlap, the assistant manager, was in the office, and ordered him to move on. "I did not move," continued Mr. Oliver, "and Mr. Dunlap came out of the office and called on a police officer to expel me from the theatre. The officer told me to stand away from the window and not interfere with the purchasers, but did not attempt to eject me from the theatre. Afterward, Dunlap followed me into the street and committed an unprovoked assault upon me, in the presence of some fifty people. I have brought suit against Dunlap for \$2,500 damages, and intend to prosecute him to the bitter end."

Mr. Dunlap was found at the theatre Wednesday morning. He said: "On the night in question Mr. Oliver came out of the auditorium and attempted to push himself in ahead of a long line which was formed at the box-office. He demanded his money in a very arrogant manner. He was told to wait his turn and to place himself at the end of the line. He was unwilling to wait and commenced to call me all manner of vile names and denounced the Bijou Opera House as a swindling institution. He sold his tickets to a gentleman for three dollars. Instead of leaving the lobby after selling his tickets, he continued his vituperation. I requested him to leave; he refused, and I put him out. I did not use any unnecessary force, and I have put in a counterclaim for \$3,000 damages on account of Oliver's scandalous action."

The case came up before Judge Ingraham of the Superior Court Tuesday on a motion to make the answer more definite. The Judge granted the motion.

Letters to the Editor.

GEORGE BELMORE'S GRAVE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—About the time of the burial of the English comedian, George Belmore, in the Greenwood plot, generously provided by W. J. Florence, the American comedian, a suggestion that a stone bearing a suitable inscription should mark the spot was made, and George Rignold and Frederick B. Ward, the British actors, promised to undertake to carry it out to a successful result. Money—certainly quite \$200—was collected; but I suppose it must have been returned to the subscribers probably because enough for its purpose had not been secured. No doubt that so soon as Messrs. Rignold and Ward read this communication, they will send to THE MIRROR each a statement of the cause of the failure of the commendable undertaking. Belmore was an actor of more than ordinary ability, and it seems a pity that he should lie in a grave that no admirer could discover without extraordinary effort, although it is within easy distance of the metropolis, where his merits were recognized and applauded. With respect, J. H. FOSKES.

PETTY TYRANNY.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—Seeing a statement in your paper a few weeks ago concerning the probable and the stated cost of the *Iolanthe* costumes, I wish to notify the public through your columns of a little side-show in the history of that opera in this city that did not become public. After rehearsing nearly four weeks in New York and playing two weeks here, six of the fourteen male chorists were notified that their services were no longer required. They, of course, paid four weeks' rehearsal, and two weeks' at the reduced salary of \$2, under promise of advancement which never came. The remaining eight members of the chorus were in sympathy with those discharged, and after learning that the management had refused to give any explanation, determined to take the matter into their own hands, and on receiving the salaries the following Tuesday refused that evening to go on unless the other six were reinstated. After much deliberation the business manager, finding the chorus determined, signed an agreement to re-engage all the original chorus, and the performance proceeded. The next day a proviso was inserted in the new contract, omitting myself and another. This was done to

please the great stage manager, Charles Harris. His greatness as a stage manager is apparent by the way he set the second act of the opera in Philadelphia. The moon was high up and shone on the scene with great splendor, and the hands on the clock in the House of Parliament pointed to half-past four o'clock. Whether Harris wished to convey the idea that the moon was full, and made triumph for, according to their own opera, "The law's the true embodiment of everything that's excellent," and consequently they should practice what they preach and comply with the law, viz.: pay their just debts.

Perhaps I may be permitted to add, that if incompetency is the cause which Miss Lenoir assigns, it is well to say that she examined each voice personally and pronounced them all competent. Also, the men were obliged to undergo the ridiculous form of shaving and pasting on false beards, etc. Trusting you will kindly publish this example of petty tyranny. I remain yours respectfully, E. C. BARRY.

No. 229 North Twelfth street, Philadelphia.

MR. MULFORD'S STATEMENTS DENIED.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 13, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror: MY DEAR SIR:—Permit me to ask that you make a correction of the errors in article headed "Trouble in Topeka," in your issue Jan. 6. There was no necessary detention from any legal cause, nor was there any attachment on our baggage (of which I hold proofs). Katherine Rogers' season closed Dec. 23, business not having met our expectations, and the fact of Miss Rogers' entertaining the acceptance of an offer made her from the management of the Madison Square Theatre to join their forces. Notwithstanding the fact of brilliant prospects through Colorado—we having Leadville Christmas week, and the only attraction there in December, beside Legislature (New Year's) week in Denver, and other choice dates—I could not induce Miss Rogers to abandon the idea of closing. Therefore, she and the company went to New York.

By publishing above you will greatly oblige. Sincerely yours, FRANK WILLIAMS, Sole Manager Katherine Rogers.

[The statements Mr. Williams wants corrected were made by Mr. W. A. Mulford in an interview with a reporter of this paper.—E.D. MIRROR.]

BARRETT AND KEENE.

LYNN, Mass., Jan. 21, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—If (as Oscar Wilde informed me during a five-minute interview that was held at the time he lectured in our city) Mr. Thomas W. Keene is as yet "crude and untutored," he is certainly devoid of those mannerisms which stamp his (shall I say *jealous*) rival, L. P. Barrett, and which most certainly would obstruct the versatility of any actor. There is no malice in the reflection I have made; but I could not refrain from expressing my opinion in regard to the matter, having seen Mr. Barrett in nearly all of his characters. Yours, respectfully, J. W. B.

K. K. K.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror:

SIR:—I see a small item in a late number of your paper that needs a little explanation, or some of my friends may think you refer to me. Ten years ago I organized and carried through successfully till the present time, the Kendall Comedy Company, my base of operations being through Iowa, and the trade-mark "K. K. K." became familiar and popular throughout the West. Trying to profit by my success, an amateur of Marshalltown, Iowa, by name Tillotson, took the name of Kendall and started a comedy company, which has had a rather precarious existence the past two years. Unable to play in Iowa, where the deception was too palpable, he turned his route into Illinois and further South, playing Hazel Kirke and other copyrighted plays with his small party. I changed the name of my company from "Comedy Company" to "Kendall Combination," and as such it is known throughout the West, though some papers still use the other title. I wish you to inform your readers that it is Tillotson that is playing Hazel Kirke, etc., under my name, and not me. Trusting you will find space for this defence of my name, I remain, Yours truly, H. A. KENDALL, Manager Kendall Comb.

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—Helen Vincent is preparing for a short season.

—Kate Castleton was too ill to play in Pop for a few nights last week.

—A scheme to erect a new theatre in smoky Pittsburg's East End is being agitated.

—"Pony" Smith, well known in circus circles, is lying dangerously ill at Pittsburg.

—Samuel P. Cox has been engaged as business manager of the Marion Elmore company.

—A "prominent citizen" is going to build a new Opera House in Chattanooga, Tenn., this year.

—Mary Koenig, a German opera singer of some note, has taken up her residence in Pittsburg.

—The manager of Wentworth's Jollities is trying to secure Frank Daniels in Fred Lotto's place.

—A Hazel Kirke company will open the new Opera House at Hannibal, Mo., on Feb. 14.

—Charles Arnold, now playing D'Escargot in *Le Voyage en Suisse*, has been re-engaged by the Hanlons for next season.

—Topeka, Kas., hasn't had such a week as last week since Fair week. Topeka has shut down on "snaps" and is doing well.

—Manager Fuller Tramp, of the Grand Opera House, Springfield, O., had a date somewhat unexpectedly filled last week—a bouncing boy.

—P. H. McKilvey, a well-known Pittsburg boniface, is talking of opening a Museum in that city in opposition to the Harris establishment.

—Frankfort, Kentucky's Capital, is to be enriched in the possession of a new Opera House, modelled after the design of Macaulay's Louisville Theatre.

—Charles Fostelle, who has had a precarious season with the Harris Comedy company, and has been resting in Detroit, takes a place in Tony Pastor's olio next week.

—It will send a thrill through professional ranks to learn that the Harrisons have "soured on Kalamazoo." They didn't make a dollar, and will not return again.

—Arthur Giles, an architect tarrying in Detroit, has joined Minnie Palmer to do heaven. My Sweetheart may need a Mansard roof before reaching the Sand Lots.

—The Cincinnati Music Hall stage, when in readiness for the Dramatic Festival, will extend fifty-five feet in width by seventy-three in depth—probably the largest on the continent.

—R. E. McWade, supported by a combination largely made up of Cincinnati talent, will open one of his numerous seasons, at Aurora, Ind., on the 27th, presenting Rip Van Winkle.

—Walter Robinson and Nellie Hesse, of the Corinne Merriamakers, were married on the stage of the New Haven Opera House last week. Rev. Mr. Houghton (Universalist) officiated.

—Billy Rice, the burnt-cork star, has just joined Thatcher-Primrose-West in New England. Rice, the Minstrel, is a card; but Rice's Minstrels were not. Billy failed conspicuously as a manager.

—Martha Wren (Mrs. James Collins) has made a hit as Cad the Tomboy, in Leonard Grover's play of that name, in Frisco. Next season Miss Wren goes on the road with a play of her own.

—Josh E. Ogden, manager of Buffalo Bill, is spending a month in the Metropolis and its vicinity. The admiring gallery gods throughout the country will regret to learn that he has removed his Rocky Mountain tresses.

—During the illness of Belle Jackson, the Daisy Brown of the Madison Square Professor company, her part was acted by Lizade Le Baron in a creditable manner. Miss Jackson is fully recovered and has resumed work.

—An occasional announcement in an out-of-town letter would indicate that Pearl Eytine had taken to the road again. But the lady's Brentwood furniture is still in New York. One may look on and book ever, and yet never appear.

—James O'Neill and C. T. Dazey have executed a contract whereby the former is to pay the latter a royalty of \$50 a week for an American King and give it the preference in his repertoire. The contract was signed in Albany last Saturday.

—The "Byron Fifth Avenue Company" silently folded its tents, minus the manager's baggage, at Brockton, Mass., on Monday. The company were allowed to take their baggage. There is bleak weather in New England just now for small companies with imposing titles.

—The Comley company, W. J. Comley, manager, will produce early next season E. J. Swartz's new American drama, *The Princess Chuck*. The title rôle has been written especially for Lizzie Harold-Comley. The parts, however, are strong, and so the best talent in America is being negroed.

—The Royal Opera House, Toronto, Canada, starts out next season with a new front scenery and new management. J. C. Conner retires, and W. G. Davis, now manager for Joseph Murphy, assumes control. Mr. French, the proprietor, says that he intends to make the entrance so spacious that he is willing to bet that he can drive a coach-and-six from Wellington to King street right through the heart of his house. Toronto is to be paralyzed by the magnificence of the virtually rebuilt edifice.

—We have just been favored with a sight of some charming vocal and pianoforte pieces by Oscar Weil, published by Schmidt, in Boston, and by Krantz, in Germany, that are some studies for small hands among the pianoforte numbers that are models. Not only do they serve the purpose for which they were written, but they are exquisite bits of musical thought, deftly expressed and full of suggestion. The waltzes, also, are full of a dreamy beauty we have not met with, save in the best work of Chopin; and the songs are not only tuneful but thoughtful. They, in common with all the music of this composer, have an inner meaning—an esoteric as well as exoteric side—which is well worth the finding out and heedfully examining. Besides, they are very pretty and "swing" well—a rare quality in the new school of music, which mostly creaks upon its hinges.

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